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From Beginning

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JANUARY 3, 1920

TO CRITICS OF THE LEAGUE

BY ARTHUR J. BALFOUR

ONE year has elapsed since the main stress of war came to an end with the signing or declaration of the armistice. On Armistice Day, an hour before noon, in every part of the British Empire, in every latitude, and on every continent, there was a pause in the business and in the pleasures of men, and every member of the Empire ceased from his daily avocations for a brief space of time and devoted himself in silent thought to the great events which in November, 1918, saw their greatest consummation. It is not for me or for any man to try and fathom the thoughts that passed through these countless multitudes when the hour struck, and yet, surely, we may conjecture that among the thoughts that passed through their minds three, at least, were paramount.

The first was the thought for the glorious dead—the glorious dead associated in almost every man's and woman's mind with the loss of some individual or some individuals specially dear whose places were empty never again to be filled. That would be the first thought that passed through the hearts of every man and woman this morning. The second thought I conjecture to have been one of profound gratitude for the fact that these heroes had not died in vain, but that the cause for which they died was triumphant in the end. I think the third thought, and the one most relevant to our meeting here this afternoon, was the thought that never again should humanity be allowed to go through this terrific trial. Never again was there to be this disastrous loss of life, not in the old—those who are destined in any case to pass away in a few years or months, but in the very flower of manhood of all the most civilized nations of the world. That is the thought that should dominate us this afternoon. That is the thought that has moved you to come to this room, as it has moved me to attempt to address you, for it seems to me clear as daylight that if a repetition of these incalculable calamities is to be prevented for our children and our grandchildren, it can only be through the beneficent operations of the League of Nations.

The League of Nations has had many critics, but I am not aware that among the multitude of criticisms that have been offered, any suggestion

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makes its appearance for finding a substitute for that organization which we desire to see entrusted, I admit, with the great task of preserving the peace of the world. Those who criticize the League of Nations have no substitute for the League of Nations. They are prepared, it seems, for the civilized world to go on in the future as it has gone on in the past, oscillating between those scenes of violence and sanguinary disturbance, and the intervals in which great and ambitious nations pile up their armaments for a new effort. To me such an ideal appears to be absolutely intolerable, and I am not prepared, seriously, to discuss with any man what the future of the international relations should be unless he is prepared either to accept in some form or another the League of Nations, or to tell me what substitute he proposes for it.

There are those who think that the horrors of the last five years will cure mankind for an indefinite series of generations from any repetition of those abominations. Well, I think it is true that not in my lifetime, at all events, will mankind willingly plunge again into the abyss from which they have been with such difficulty extricated. But, after all, we have to think not merely of the next few years; we have to cast our eyes forward and think of the fate of those who are now young and the fate of their children, and again of their children. Memories are short. The weight of misfortune once thrown aside is apt soon to be forgotten, and you may depend upon it that if we let the critical moment pass, if we permit the instant at which all mankind is conscious of what it is that war means and that war must mean — if we let that moment pass, and if we slide back into our normal condition of indifference, we shall have wasted one of the greatest opportunities that Heaven ever gave mankind. But we are told that the project, however well meaning, or however benevolent, however consistent with all that is great in morality, has this one fatal disadvantage. They tell you it is impracticable. 'Human nature,' say these critics, 'never changes; the world has always suffered from wars, what has been will be, the future must resemble the past, and war, which we have never succeeded in escaping hitherto, will dog our footsteps to the end of time.'

Now, I do not, of course, deny that the notion of fundamentally altering human characteristics is only the crotchet of the doctrinaire and the pedant, and that no practical statesman ought to lend his hand to any project which clearly involves a fundamental alteration in our inherited characteristics. But are we, therefore, to give up all hope of amelioration? Grant that the raw material on which statesmen and legislators work remains substantially unaltered, are we, therefore, to say that society is inherently fixed in all its old habits, be they good or be they bad? That seems to me to be a counsel not only of despair, but of foolishness.

I have noticed that the very people who tell you the League of Nations has failed, that war, after all, is a necessity, perhaps in the long run a beneficent necessity, and that in any case it is ingrained in human nature — these are the very people who tell you that we are not as good as our forefathers — that in the good old days men were really indifferent to money, and really preferred their country to their private interests, and were always prepared to fight for any cause which they thought to be the cause of right. But is human nature only to go downhill? Then, if we are so much worse than our progenitors in these particulars, it

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shows, at all events, that we can change. Must we only change for the worse? I take an entirely different view, not only of what the history of the past has been, but of what the history of the future may be.

It is perfectly true that you cannot change as by a miracle the hearts of men; but what you can do and what you ought to do is to make such changes in the habits of men that that which seemed natural and inevitable to their forefathers should seem monstrous and avoidable to their children. And that you really ought to be able to do. For that you have done—that civilization has done in many particulars. We say with truth that, after all, at the root of society there must be the element of force, and there must be a criminal law for criminals, that the peaceable citizen must be protected by the police.

All that is quite true, but just consider the amount of work which has to be done by those guardians of society now, compared with the disorder, the crime, the recklessness, indifference to life which habitually and commonly prevailed among our not very remote ancestors. If you can do that in social life, why can you do nothing comparable to it in international life? What you have to do, and what you can do if you seize the propitious moment and use it to the best advantage, is to create such a habit of dealing with international difficulties by international machinery that the very thought of settling international disputes by the abominable practice of mutual slaughter will seem as truly alien to the views of civilized men as some of the habitual disorders under which society suffered not so very long ago.

But I do not deny that the task is a difficult one. Indeed, I belong to a school of thought which thinks that progress is difficult to attain, and is not only difficult to attain, but is not easy to maintain. There are some who are optimistically framed, and their outlook on the world is so optimistic that they seem to think that progress is something that comes of itself and by itself without human effort, and that each stage that is conquered by this almost automatic procedure is one that will of itself forever remain. I take a different view. I think society may go back as well as forward. I think it requires, and has always required, the constant effort and the best elements in every society, not merely to improve it but to maintain it at its level. It is on that condition alone that civilization, in my judgment, is possible. But the very thought—the very kind of reflection which makes me anxious makes me also hopeful—the very thought that without effort we may slide back assures me that with effort we can press forward. All that I ask these critics of the League of Nations is that if they can find no substitute for the machinery we propose, they will, at all events, throw themselves into the task of making it work if they can, and that they will go forward in a spirit of hopefulness and faith, and, while conscious of all the difficulties, and recognizing all the obstacles in their path, will, nevertheless, say that is the path which we must pursue. There lies peace, and with peace an improvement in our international relations which will make this date, which we celebrate to-day, the greatest date in human history.

But there are two conditions at least which must be fulfilled if the League of Nations is to be a success. The League of Nations provides the machinery, but machinery without motive power—a body without a soul—is utterly useless. Behind the ma-

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chinery of the League of Nations, if the League is to do all that it ought to do, must be the motive power derived from the wills of the peoples of the world. And their action must be founded on the common conscience. That is the first condition. Another condition is that all the Powers, and more especially the great Powers, on whose action so much in the near future must inevitably depend, should take an equal share of the burden which I do not for a moment deny that the League of Nations is going to throw upon them.

If the description I have given of what the League of Nations may be has the slightest truth in it, do you suppose results so tremendous can be attained without some risk and some effort? Of course they cannot, and all the great nations responsible for this great undertaking should accept the same risk and be prepared to make the same effort.

If one of us begins to make reservations, I confess that I think the future of the League of Nations is dark indeed, for the reservations that one great nation makes will be copied inevitably by others. The whole sense of equality of effort will be thrown aside, solidarity will be dissolved, great statesmen will look more and more to the narrower interests which influence public opinion; more and more they will turn their eyes away from that common object which all must pursue in common, and for which all must be prepared to make some sacrifice.

Therefore, I venture to say to any friends of mine in any country who are considering their responsibilities at this great moment of the world's history, that they ought clearly to understand that unless they are prepared to bear an equal share in an equal task they are threatening with ultimate dissolution the whole of that new system which all of us in common — all the great nations — most sincerely desire to see work effectually. As you know, I am but one of the speakers this afternoon, and I must pursue no further the general line of argument which moves me in this connection, and which I think has moved you to come here this afternoon and support me. I firmly believe that you are representative. I firmly believe that all the best thought in England is behind us. I believe what is at least as important is that all the best thoughts in the civilized world are behind us, and if that be so do not let us be diverted by small difficulties, technical obstacles, and petty considerations from pursuing the great lines of policy which lie before us.

Now is the appointed hour. If, with the world still staggering under the effects of the terrific struggles of the last five years — if the world now is not prepared to undertake the great task which lies before it, I despair of the time coming — certainly within my experience, and I doubt whether in yours — when any opportunity of a like nature will present itself. Let it not be said that having sacrificed untold millions of wealth, untold millions of invaluable lives — after having won in a great struggle, and after having saved Europe from imminent disaster, we threw away the fruits of victory, and from mere carelessness and laziness we let go by that golden opportunity which once lost may never return.

The Telegraph, November 11, 1919

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THE TRAGEDY OF VIENNA

BY PHILIP GIBBS

VIENNA was a gay old city.

Its people loved music, laughter, and the luxury of life.

They cultivated the arts and welcomed talent from all the world, so that great musicians, painters, poets, and builders found recognition here, and were received with honor.

They had the finest medical school in the world.

It was the Paris of Middle Europe, with traditions of culture and power a thousand years old in history, and built magnificently under the Hapsburgs, with splendid palaces, parks, churches, monuments, and boulevards. The buildings stand, as evidence of that former grandeur, but a change has happened in them, by the death of what used to live there.

In the Hofburg, where the Hapsburg Emperors surrounded themselves with treasures, a British Mission has its offices, with other Allied Missions, which, under the name of 'Reparation' Committees, are suggesting ways and means to keep the people of Vienna alive — and finding the task difficult.

Waiting for the chief of our own mission — Sir William Goode — I wandered through the old Imperial apartments, and was alone with the portraits of Austrian Emperors, princes, and princesses (Marie Antoinette was there), and thought of the passing of those people.

The Palace of the Belvedere belonged to the Archduke Franz Ferdinand — he who was murdered at Sarajevo, where the spark lit the powder magazine which spread flame and fury through Europe on a day of August in 1914.

Now it is a soup kitchen for starving children fed by American relief; and when I went there 1100 of those little ones were having their first meal of the day — the only meal for most of them — and saying 'Gruss Gott' before they dipped their spoons.

The broad boulevards of Vienna are still thronged by people with their heads bent to-day against the driving blizzard of snow.

The cafés and restaurants are crowded with people who come for warmth, light, music, and smuggled food, for which they pay great prices.

Many of these people are foreigners — Czechs, and Slovaks, and Croats, and Serbians, and Italians — who come like vultures to feed on the corpse of Austrian finance, changing their own money into four, five, or ten times the number of Austrian kronen.

Others are Viennese profiteers who gathered much bulk of paper money while the old empire was dying, and now are eating it up in a prodigal way, shrugging their shoulders at the future while they fill their stomachs.

Others are middle-class folk who, after a breakfast of corn coffee and black bread, a mid-day meal of cabbage soup, and a dinner of boiled cabbage, and other green stuff, come hungry into the gilded rooms of these restaurants to linger over a cup of coffee with a glass of water, while they listen for hours to light music, and under the glitter of the chandeliers get

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a little warmth for their bodies and souls.

Outside, in the thickly populated districts beyond the boulevards, in small middle-class homes and workmen's tenements, there is no kind of pretense at gayety, no 'camouflage' of misery.

There is poverty, naked and cold.

There is hunger which is just less than starvation, and disease just this side of death, and the certain knowledge that unless 'something happens,' quickly, they will be in the hands of famine, which has been staved off, so far, week by week, by foreign relief, a hand-to-mouth supply of government stocks — on a day in November they had only five days' supply ahead — and by a desperate system of small smuggling.

Vienna is a city of tragedy — the most tragic city in Europe this side of Russia.

I have hinted at the cause of it and indeed the cause is simple and clear.

It was the capital of an empire, a city with 2,500,000 people living mostly, like London, on the business of exchange, and as a rendezvous and shopping centre of great populations.

It is now the capital of a country as large as Switzerland, cut off from its former sources of food, coal, iron, and raw material.

Its old provinces have put up frontiers and economic barriers, jealously protected so that there is no free flow of trade.

Even the country districts of this new Austria have no regard for the old capital city, so that, by a natural instinct of self-preservation, the peasants keep the produce of their land, refusing to sell it to city folk at government prices which give them no profit, but selling it by an almost open system of smuggling called *Schleichhändling* to rich people — especially hotel keepers and shop keepers — who pay four, five, and even ten times the government 'maximum price.'

So Vienna, without means of self-support, is cut off from all her former resources, and is like a beleaguered town being starved into surrender. The only difference is that they have no escape by surrender, having already surrendered.

Before I came to Vienna I had read horrible things about the conditions of the city, and believed they might be exaggerated, by philanthropic, humanitarian people, anxious to arouse emotion for the sake of their funds.

Now I know by personal investigation that, so far from exaggerating, it is impossible to convey to the outside world anything like the extent and depth of misery into which the Viennese have fallen.

It is impossible for me after all my investigations — and I have been diligent — to know how these people of Vienna are able to live. Frankly, I cannot understand how, in such conditions, they keep body and soul together.

Look at a few simple, appalling facts, as I have found them.

There are 100,000 men out of work in Vienna at the present time, drawing from 5 to 15 kronen (equal to from 2½ to 7½ pence of our money, according to the present rate of exchange).

There are 6000 homeless families.

There are 2,500,000 people, of whom 2,000,000 at least live without meat, butter, milk, or any kind of fat.

Eighty-three per cent of the children suffer from rickets, so badly bulbous-headed, that many are deformed.

No children over one year of age get any allowance of milk. Children under one year of age are allowed one litre of milk per day; but, as a rule, do not get more than half a litre.

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The bread ration for each person is two pounds a week.

No potatoes can be obtained by the great mass of people, and those who get them smuggle them.

In a cold climate (with snow already in the streets of Vienna) the people are miserably clad in cotton clothes, and many children are bare-legged, so that one sees them shivering in the streets, blue to the lips with cold.

There is no coal for factories or dwelling houses.

The middle classes are worse off than the artisan class, so that whereas the mechanic gets 300 kronen a week, the professor, teacher, clerk, journalist, and small professional man gets no more than 150–250 kronen a week.

These figures do not mean much until one knows the purchasing power of the krone. Then they mean black poverty, daily hunger, hopelessness.

I spoke recently to a medical officer in charge of an infant welfare centre.

He had been showing me the emaciated condition of the babies brought in by half-starved mothers, who were buying tins of condensed milk and cocoa supplied at a cheap rate by the Society of Friends, who are doing very noble work in Vienna.

He pointed out the babies suffering from eczema, rickets, scrofula, and then suddenly he began to tell me about his own conditions of life.

'I earn 300 kronen a week,' he said, 'and I have to keep up the appearance of a gentleman.

'To get this old suit of mine turned cost 600 kronen. A new suit is beyond my means altogether. It costs 2000 kronen. A shirt costs 120 kronen, a pair of boots 400.

'I cannot afford to buy meat at 14 kronen for a veal cutlet, or 16 kronen for a pork chop. I never eat meat. Potatoes are beyond my means at 7 kronen for two pounds. I live mainly on cabbage soup and bread.

'Is it any wonder that our young men and women are developing tuberculous disease in a frightful way, and that the vitality of the people is being sapped so that they have no strength to work?'

It is the individual case that shocks one more than figures in the mass, and I was shocked by a clerk who told me that he earned 500 kronen a month, and had to support a wife and child.

'How do you live?' I asked, and he said, with a grim laugh: 'I do not live, because this is not life!'

Lately I met a woman worse than that. Her husband is out of work, and gets 10 kronen a day (a little more than 5*d.* in our money), and she has a child three years old, whom I saw, wizened, pallid, monkey-like.

For the child she bought one tin of condensed milk and one of cocoa, and they cost 6 kronen each, or more than one day's pay.

I did not ask her how she lived. I could only guess how soon she would die.

In the tenement houses there are thousands of women like that, half-starved, but not quite starved, with babies who flourish — some of them — while they are fed at the breasts (other have rickets at three months old), and then wither and weaken and stay stunted, or die, because they can get no milk or fat.

There is a wonderful Kinder Klinik, or children's hospital, in Vienna — one of the best in the world, and better than anything, I believe, we have in England.

It is controlled by Professor Wenkebach, a Dutchman who has devoted his life to hospital work in this city.

I went there and saw the perfection of its organization, its spotless cleanli-

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ness, its scientific method, the devotion of the women workers.

And in ward after ward I saw the rickety babies of Vienna, the scrofulous babies, the poor deformed babies of disease.

Professor Wenkebach and his doctors are striving desperately to keep the hospitals efficient to cope with this great need of suffering childhood (some people I met think it would be better to let the children die), but the two most vital things are hardest to get.

Coal is the supreme need — coal for cooking, coal for heating — and there is so little for the wards that the children have to be crowded together in rooms that can be heated only for two hours a day, and by this crowding do not get a proper chance of health.

'We must have coal!' said Professor Wenkebach, but coal does not come to Vienna except by immense payments beyond the means of people whose money is worth but little more than waste paper in foreign exchanges.

Even with money they cannot get it. Transport fails. The trains themselves have no fuel; and the enemies of Austria, once of our own empire — and Czecho Slovakia — hold up trucks of coal labeled for Vienna, bought and paid for, and hinder them from passing.

Milk is the next need of the hospitals, and that, too, is hard to get, though now there would be a better supply owing to the efforts of the British Mission, the International Hospital Union, and the Society of Friends, if it did not arrive sour, as often it does, owing to delays of transport from the farms.

The people of Vienna are not without friends who, for humanity's sake, are devoting themselves to the relief of all this suffering. They are friends who were once counted as their enemies.

Since I have been in this city I have come in touch with the members of our own British Mission, under Sir William Goode, which has done most admirable work by facilitating the transport of foodstuffs in Austria, Hungary, Serbia, and other distressed countries by supplying large stocks of food at cost price to the governments of these states, and by supporting the work of relief agencies.

I have also seen the work of the American Relief Committee, which is magnificently organized and of enormous help, and I have been in touch with the Society of Friends, and seen the devotion, the courage, and the ability with which Dr. Hilda Clarke and her assistants are securing milk and food for poor mothers and babies.

All that is splendid as philanthropy, but the scale of the work that these people are doing is in itself a revelation of the mass of misery surrounding and overwhelming their efforts, and of the doom of a people which can be postponed a little, but not averted, by this charity.

The American Child-Relief Committee, directed by a young naval lieutenant named Stockton, with three other colleagues — all fine men — is enormous in its scope and enterprise.

It has established feeding centres and distributing centres in Vienna and outside districts for starving children between the ages of five and fifteen.

In Vienna it is feeding 100,000 children, and another 100,000 in other parts.

It has already supplied 20,000,000 meals to these hungry mouths of Austria.

That is wonderful, and I have seen few things more touching than the battalions of little ones who come for their midday dinner in the American centres.

There is the gratitude of dumb ani-

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mals in their eyes for this gift of food, and they eat silently and earnestly as they sit together on the long wooden benches.

Many of them had an unhealthy color. Many of them were very thin. They were ill-clad and cold.

But the Austrian assistants who devote themselves to this work under American control, and English ladies like Dr. Hilda Clarke, tell me that during the last six months the health of the children who get these meals has perceptibly improved.

There are many thousands of children—I suppose 100,000 in Vienna—who do not get these meals.

I spoke to many women who told me it was impossible to send one child of five years or so to a feeding centre, not near their home, because of smaller babies who could not be left, and because of other work to do.

And though the number of 20,000,000 meals is stupendous, upon analyzing it one finds that in five months it means less than one meal a day per child for 150,000 children. Thousands of them have no other meal, except a scrap or two.

In the Belvedere Palace I asked several: 'What did you have for breakfast?'

They answered: 'Black coffee.'

'With bread?' I asked; and they said: 'No bread.'

A report of food conditions in one district of Vienna—the worst perhaps—shows that 8 per cent of the children eat nothing at all outside the American Relief supplies of one meal a day.

Eighty per cent have black coffee in the morning, and about half that number eat a small slice of bread.

In the evening 20 per cent have no meal of any kind; 15 per cent have black coffee; and 10 per cent have a slice of bread. The rest have cabbage soup.

That is not enough for health, though it is enough for life, until these under-nourished children develop tuberculosis and any disease that is on the prowl.

The American Relief Committee, the Society of Friends, all kinds of hospital funds and philanthropic works alleviate the suffering, but do not cure the evil conditions by which it is caused, and—at the best—only touch the edge of the general immensity of destitution that is in this city, where, in the show places, the haunts of luxury, there is music, feasting, and gayety.

All this charitable work is but a sop given to half-starved multitudes, while their state becomes more desperate, and their chance of recovery more unlikely.

Vienna, to recover, needs coal for her factories, so that the people may work and produce manufactured articles in exchange for food. With her money fading away to nothing in purchase power, she can buy neither coal nor raw material.

'A man who has had his legs cut off cannot walk,' I was told by an Austrian man of letters. 'We have had our legs cut off. We are but a limbless trunk.'

Charity is good and kind. But Vienna asks for more than charity. She asks for a broad scheme of rescue by the great Powers of Europe willing to give her long credit for money and raw material, so that she may regain some kind of vitality. It is the hopelessness of the people high and low, in government offices, and drawing rooms, and slums, that is the worst of all.

Before this I have never seen a city that was hopeless—and it is not good to see, unless we are those who lick our lips because vengeance is sweet.

The London Chronicle, December 5, 1919

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THE REBUILDING OF THE CITIES OF FRANCE

BY GEORGES RENARD

WHAT shall be done with our ruined cities of France? How shall they be rebuilt? Shall we hold strictly to the plan of the past, or undertake something entirely new?

A cry of distress, a legitimate murmur of impatience rises from the liberated and devastated regions. The villages which are but a signpost on a heap of wreckage; the martyr cities, Péronne, Rheims, Soissons, Armentières, and their unhappy sisters ask to be quickly repaired, restored, and revived.

Shall we then build them as they were? Evidently no. The cities of other days were characterized by their containing fortifications; they enclosed a political and social group endowed with special privileges; they rose in height on the narrow space into which they were pressed and locked by their corslet of stone; they became tangles of crooked, narrow streets, and when they adventured without, they grew without a plan and from day to day, according to individual caprice.

To-day the corslet of stone is cracked; great ramparts are useless against the terrible engines of modern war; famous fortresses are forever rendered obsolete. If the cities are still economic, political, and intellectual centres which preserve their importance, they have, nevertheless, no greater rights than has the surrounding from which only a fictitious frontier, an ideal line, and the special [illegible]eeds of all great human agglomera- [illegible] separates them.

They can thus change their locations, can go to a more salubrious site, can group themselves about a centre of communication. They can — they should prepare a plan of extension and growth. A law of March, 1919, makes this an obligation. They must take measures to insure both good health and beauty in the future.

This does not imply a hideous uniformity. Quite on the contrary. Each town should have its own special plan. Following the tastes and traditions of the populations, having an eye to the climate and the nature of the accessible building material, and not forgetting the commercial and industrial aspects of the situation, our towns should have a varied aspect for both inhabitants and visitors. Indeed, in these days, a town has no longer the right to think only of herself; she is the queen of a wide countryside, and must build herself in harmony with the landscape of which she is the central point.

To all the towns, however, certain particular recommendations may be given, the suppression, in the name of morality and public hygiene, of ugly hovels; the specialization of districts so that factories and railroads may be side by side, the removal of abattoirs and cemeteries from residential quarters. And without attempting to create garden cities, which are not exactly suitable for great masses of population, the town planners should include pleasant vistas, parks, and wide breathing spaces which would permit the circulation of air throughout the town organism.

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Intelligent and active municipalities, Clermont-en-Argonne and Chauny, have already offered prizes for suitable projects of reconstruction. Societies (*La Renaissance des Cités, La Renaissance des Villes*) have for several years been at work on this matter. A new science which is also an art has been born under the name of *urbanisme;* it has its principles, its technicians, and its architects.

The City of Paris has recently created an institute of urban history, geography, and economy which gathers all the documents with a bearing on the problems of municipalities, and makes them accessible to students. The institute is in communication with foreign associations of a similar character, and publishes a review *La Vie Urbaine.*

Programmes of action as well as the necessity of action are not lacking. May our cabinet ministers no longer be contented with words and visits, may our administration cut through its delays and red tape, may the France which has been spared come to the aid of France which has suffered, and follow the example of Lyon and Toulouse which have 'adopted' a less fortunate sister.

After the terror of the year 1000, France began to live again and was soon covered with new buildings. May the work of reparation come to an equally splendid flower in the France of to-morrow.

La Dêpêche de Toulouse, December 6, 1919

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S ABDICATION

BY ABYDOS

Mr. George Moore has written a new book, *Avowals,* and though it is a spacious work dealing neither with muslin, women, scripture, nor dogs, is exquisitely papered, bound, and printed, and costs two guineas; the public cannot buy it; it is not for sale; now and hereafter the author is a monk dwelling in the monastery of art. This attitude, he claims, has been forced upon him by continuous persecution, which has at last driven him, even as the tormented Jew, into a Ghetto of letters, free from the public scrutiny. Some forty years ago the persecution began with his first book, *Flowers of Passion,* and it has never ceased. It raged over *Esther Waters,* which to-day is a recognized classic; *A Mummer's Wife* is still forbidden, not because it is unchaste, but because it was refused by the libraries some years ago; and recently it broke out again over *The Brook Kerith,* and even about the use of the name, Lewis Seymour. Forty years of battle is a long span. 'I have put up my fight,' Mr. George Moore submits, and, after all, his business is not controversy, it is art. The man who is interested in mankind finds himself beset by all manner of difficulties, of passion and prejudice on the part of buyers and sellers who cannot understand, and even resent, a man not wishing to write for money and in effect treat his attitude

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as a challenge. In the commercial state, men are commercial, and commerce decides. But art, which is the criticism or recreation of life, cannot be commercial, or it ceases to be art. The pure artist thus finds himself exposed to contumely and obloquy. He is misunderstood and persecuted. The commercialism of prose narrative compels the writer to be a kind of general secretary to the public who, as the arbiter, controls the matter for presentation, so that the man who does not accept the obligation to spend his life ministering to the fashions and foibles of the time, refuses to be a clown, a trapezist, or trick cyclist, a haberdasher of the prejudices, sentiment, hate, or 'morality' of his day, is a rebel and a pariah in the mind of the public, who feels but does not think: who as the judicature in the absence of standard and standards of criticism consigns any deviation from the current canons to the hangman or the dungheap.

Mr. George Moore now seeks freedom in withdrawal. Henceforth he will no longer belong to the public arena of letters. Man may continue to be the librarian, the custodian of morals, but no more can democracy and the librarians imprison *his* art form, which, as *Avowals*, will be printed for 'private circulation only.' Mr. George Moore confers upon himself the freedom of his trade. He will joust in public no longer. In 'perfect calm and serenity of mind' he will henceforth write with that freedom that none has enjoyed since Elizabethan times; no publisher can worry him; the books are sold before they are written; no itching society can disturb, no anonymous scribe can assail, either his equanimity or sincerity.

Thus to the public Mr. George Moore 'passes over.' In the future, his price will be two or three guineas a book, limited to a small band of admirers. Mr. George Moore enters the new order, the communal state. He is done with competition. His 'morality' is secure. He is licensed. He becomes the art guildsman. He can be read on beautiful English hand-made rag paper, and re-sold even on the basis of the material at a profit. He is no longer a marauding element in the body politic. He withdraws — to the illimitude of the armchair.

We have in this 'knockout' of an artist a symbol of our time, for if the public loses art gains, yet in the process both are attainted. If the commercialism of art has made it impossible for a man to write sincerely, to study mankind, that is, rather than the surface of human activities, the isolation of art is equally an abnormality which, if logically carried out, must lead to its inanition and decay, which latter is Mr. Moore's point. Art is life, and where there is no art there civilization, too, is low. So true it is that style is the man. Therefore, however much we sympathize, we must fain view Mr. George Moore's isolation as the paradox of that mentality which for so many centuries has divided this country from Ireland, we English being essentially alloquial or teachers and thinkers, whereas the Irish, like the French, are colloquial, in this capacity dominating our stage, as represented by Sheridan, Synge, Shaw, Yeats, Wilde, and in the art form of prose immortalized by Sterne, from whom George Moore himself candidly derives: he, by the way, derives Pater from Goethe, an interesting discovery. But the genius of England is poetry, as Mr. George Moore admits. Shakespeare and England are one.

We do not understand the Irish because they are conversationalists. They elude our sentimentality. We

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belong to the North, and in our constipated mentality only genius escapes. Yet it does escape. On the other hand, there is no Irish Dante. If the Irish all talk poetry, they have no world poets. The mountain dew is everywhere, but there is no Milton. 'Appareled like the spring,' the Irish span no universe, like Hamlet, or Falstaff, or even Mr. Pickwick, for, as literature is life, so our specifically English genius has been the pulpit, that is, the homily of the public forum — democracy, parliament; thus the larks of speech gave us the inestimable gift of human liberty which is the justification of our British civilization. This English style is Shakespeare's supreme legacy, and we shall reject it at our peril.

The nation that lacks style is lacking in balance, perspective, as the world has seen in the great war. It was the tragedy of Germany. Germany had no rhetoric, and so we see a country which has never been a free state, never known a popular assembly, never enjoyed the blessings of free speech: a people who lacked style. The German was unable to apply his philosophy because he is not a poet, and because of his want of poetry he is lacking in the humanities, fails, therefore, in the arts of life, choked in the metaphysics of the abstract. His history reveals these defects as in a looking-glass. Having no rostrum, he had no vision and so no democratic idea. No style, no balance. And so when the trial came he had no alternative; only force remained. And equally this is true of Spain.

When Spain was at her zenith, her poets flowered. Her knell was already sounded in the pages of *Don Quixote*. Spain, too, had no pulpit. She grew fat and uxorious, like Sancho Panza. Her pulpit was the Inquisition; creation was placed on the Index. Her literature etiolated into an ornamental symbolism divorced from life. With her intellect her life also languished, until finally, some twenty years ago, the bones of Columbus were brought back in sorrow from Cuba as the testament of imperial Spain.

Similarly with Russia. It was Tolstoi, the new Russian, with (dare it be said?) his mystic truthfulness, who prepared the way for Russian emancipation, he and Turgeniev. With Tolstoi, idea took the place of assent; it polarized into revolution. And Russia's hope to-day is her literature, for it has its roots in life. In the truest sense, it is creation. The Russian artist is pinned to his faith. No doubt the total absence of commercialism in Russian literature gave the artist this love of truth, which is the supreme quality of Russian writing. There is nothing quite like it, and noteworthy is its freedom from coarseness, vulgarity, flippancy, ribaldry, all silliness, all superficiality, and this because of its profound innate quality of seriousness, to be equaled only in the Scandinavians. For Russian literature deals always with real life. The subject matter is too actual to be artificialized. Thus words are to the Russian the incarnation of thought, the very meaning of the monotone and amorphous waste of Russian serfdom.

This is the power of the Russians, power which, as De Quincey has fixed for all time, is the definition of literature. It is the sincerity of the Russians, drawn from the tragedy of Russian conditions, which gave them this power of re-creation, and this is the national importance of literature. Witness the Marseillaise: Walt Whitman had it in his songs of the virgin forces and resources of America, and Fenimore Cooper had it in his liturgy of the Red Indians. But Cardinal Newman did not derive from this power, and, *pace* Mr.

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George Moore, Pater also lacked it. The soul of the true poet is sanity. His message is man, for he is the pure spirit of man. That is why art must be free, why censorship is evil, why anything like a movement for the suppression or control of art expression cribs and cabins the mind and so stultifies and retards democratic progress.

In Russia, literary invocation was free: it freed Russia. Here we are a political people and our arts are not free. It is Britain's supreme danger. If in our literature we no longer have articulate man, our genius will decline like all nations who lose the art sense. Thus the Romans, Spain, and, we may truly say, the Germans, who, lapsing into the quest of materialism, no longer possessed a true criticism of life. Regeneration to-day will depend upon our art inspiration, and our literature will be the criticism of that work. We cannot divorce the one from the other or we shall disintegrate. In our books, in our poetry, the world will be the measure of our truth, and we shall prosper accordingly. Mr. George Moore's monastic retirement is the poet's gesture to his country.

In *Avowals*, then, Mr. George Moore attests. He is no longer to be exposed to slattern arbitrament. He will only deal with literature *reverentially*. He refuses to be maligned if, in his opinion, 'only bachelors' can write about women; if, as a critic of English fiction, he maintains that, outside of poetry, English genius has accomplished 'little or nothing' in narrative because it has been conditioned by the 'subaltern' mind, which wittingly or unwittingly has yielded to popular clamor and to the individual necessity of making money, in which analysis he introduces Mr. Edmund Gosse as a buffeting basis. He and Mr. Gosse are alone, and they deal with their art with absolute seriousness.

Mr. Gosse suggests, Mr. Moore projects. George Eliot, they agree, was a trivial writer, like Stevenson, who 'merely wrote a succession of incidents,' like Fielding, who created the drawing-room novel, but unlike Sterne, who consequently has come down to us unchanged, for his subject was mankind, and he, like Mr. George Moore, an Irishman. And this is the ground of Mr. George Moore's inquiry. His charge is that the English novel is, and has been from its birth, concerned with the surface of life rather than with the depths, and that is no doubt the reason why the Brontës have retained their vitality to-day, when Lytton and Disraeli, Scott and Thackeray, and the late Victorians can no longer hold us, because the Brontës, who were lonely parsonage girls, could only write about life in its essentials, like Borrow, like Balzac and the Russians, like Strindberg, who, by the way, neither Mr. Moore nor Mr. Gosse mentions.

Later on an American interviewer appears, and Mr. Moore explains that literature rarely influences conduct, because 'life is but influences,' whereas the appeal of literature is intellectual. Thus morality is geographical in its standards, and a Japanese who is horrified in a London ball-room is astonished at the squeamishness of an Englishman who objects to the Japanese co-sex bath, and even in Bowdlerization there is no agreement among the emendators themselves. Mr. George Moore touches bottom here. His exposure of the unreality of English fiction is just, but he does not seem to see that it is the result of our political genius, or pulpit mind that produced Bunyan and Cromwell, due to the fact that we are not conversationalists but teachers and preachers, whose escape is poetry; who, moreover, have been signally free from

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oppression, political or social, so that comfort and decorum have been our artists' model, whereas in Russia and Ireland pressure has produced inspiration.

It is the artist sense that endears him to Kipling, 'who possesses the ink-pot,' to Turgeniev, the supreme master of tale-telling, to Dickens, who was essentially the England of horses and the genteel hypocrisy of insularity, to Corot and Manet, to Rembrandt and Fromentin, to Wagner and Whistler; and, somewhat paradoxically, because of his superb technique, to Pater, who, as he himself declares, was behind his mask 'impotent in life.'

To George Moore, Tolstoi fails to appeal in the same intense way, and the reason is atmosphere. Tolstoi—like the Englishman—was a teacher and preacher; his purpose was not art but life; and in impugning his artistic sincerity Mr. Moore, with his æsthetic intensity, misses the message of the reformer. It is here that the Irish genius falls short. A message is tiresome; it interferes with the *boniment* of art form it would teach: it would be politically sane. Mr. George Moore abhors politics, and Tolstoi is to him perilously akin to the agitator. The point is fascinating because Mr. Moore's protestation is based upon sincerity, and the shaft of his criticism is aimed at this concessive failing in English literature, in that it ignores sex, the reason, meaning, and psychology of the depths of life, which Tolstoi most wonderfully treated in *Fathers and Sons* and Pater in his ivory tower did not, and indeed could not on Mr. Moore's own showing and Pater's tacit admission to Mr. Moore, when just before dinner he even astonished Pater with the imputation.

Now we have been a remarkably contented people. The Victorian writers grew up with our imperial and industrial wealth, and as men did not then write for the masses, and the classes formed quite a specific isolation among themselves, their subject-matter more or less had to be the conventions, just as *Punch* in the old days was little more than an equestrian class paper. Writers shunned analysis, psychology, the depths, because the 'gentleman' of insular England, who was the sole buyer of books, hated criticism; he hunted, drank port, or wore a silk hat.

Great art (Mr. Moore will recall the lines of Goethe) springs from tears, not from fox hunting. Our fiction is superficial because insular England was so contented, so rich, too pleased with itself to suffer criticism; consequently our fiction was uncritical and unsexed till well into the 'eighties, when George Gissing first wrote honestly about the squalor and poverty of London, and was hated for his seriousness accordingly. Our fiction is seen to be ephemeral to-day because our national attitude can no longer be *self-deception;* Bernard Shaw unhorsed the 'gentleman,' and to-day women have entered the field. For the first time in this country sex is now recognized (Dickens never touched it). Women are seeing to that. We admit sex and even sex analysis in fiction to-day (read D. H. Lawrence). But Byron had to leave the country for a kiss, and Thackeray funked his Becky. The war has bayoneted Mrs. Grundy, and for Mr. Moore to withdraw in the full blast of the jazz era does seem rather an Irish 'sentimental journey' backwards to Uncle Toby.

Thus Mr. Moore with his colloquial genius sees the psyche of humanity, not the individual of the passing show, which was the sense Gissing and James introduced into our fiction. Therefore, to him Turgeniev—the 'Scythian artist'—is supreme, Tolstoi rather a

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bungler. He takes the English gentleman's view of Tolstoi — a bit of a nuisance. 'Get back to art,' Turgeniev writes on his deathbed to Tolstoi; for Turgeniev was no teacher or reformer and saw little hope. Nor can Mr. Moore, who can discern no outlet for art in the future until the era of mobility has passed and once more men take to potters' clay and the cult of beauty returns to them. So he leaves Mr. Gosse to his young poets, and the American interviewer to his perturbations. 'The smart hound gives tongue at all kinds of game; an utterly undependable cur: at this very moment he is baying in the coverts. At what? Rabbit, hare, or fox? "Hark to Priapus!" cries Mudie. "At him, Libertina!" shouts Smith. A mixed pack.'

'T is a pity Mr. George Moore has not widened his circle to at least five thousand readers, for *Avowals* is admirably just in its estimates and valuations, and a very spate of beautiful prose writing. He is the Anatole France of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. His genius is Pat, the Irish peasant, and — his pig. With him we are on earth, among the realities upon which he sprays the mountain dew of his race. To us and even to civilization *Avowals* is a message. It is to fight against the darkness which, as Shakespeare said, is the 'burier of the dead,' and to invoke the light of truth and sincerity. So long as England has her poet, she will endure. Our danger will come only when in these islands no man any longer has time enough to read, and so no man any longer is rich enough to think.

Mr. George Moore abdicates — for his cause. He has made his bow. As he says, for eight hundred years there was no art; we may be entering upon another such period of stagnation. In a true sense the modern poet is the scientist. Wireless, radium, the submarine, the aeroplane — this is the poetry of modern life in a world that takes everything for granted.

Mr. Moore may be right in his contention that the formula whereby we have known art for the last four hundred years will not return, which was what Whistler also said: 'The history of art is complete.'

Such is George Moore's lament. The story of the beautiful is written. We have to await the coming of a new goddess. Has he forgotten women? It is they who are writing to-day, probing, groping, unraveling; they surely will have a message and from the depths, for women are always in and of the essentials, and it was no woman who wrote *Peter Pan*. Their fairies are of this world. In this, their sex epoch, they will probably revolutionize the whole scope and purpose of fiction, even as Jane Austen and, notably, the Brontë girls began to do, with the introduction of passion. If George Moore is pessimistic, *nous autres* are not, even though the modern equation of Shelley be the air-boy. And at the very end Mr. Moore himself is optimistic, and clearly he intends to enjoy himself in his dugout, writing about the Troubadours and the love torments of Héloise and Abelard, a copy of which all who love literature will do well to subscribe for now, or maybe they will not be able to get it when it does appear and 'high life' is fighting for a book which, seeing that the period is the Middle Ages and the subject love, should indeed provide the author with matter conducive to his austerity in art and catholicity of treatment. Thus Mr. George Moore goes on with his select company to immortality, leaving our mortality to the libraries.

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THE WINDMILL OF GRAEVE: A STORY

BY H. BAGENAL

LIKE a good ship, the windmill of Graeve had faced all winds and weathers for two centuries. It stood conspicuously on the top of a little grassy knoll, and from a distance the slender mill house was scarcely noticeable compared with the huge sails. The spread of the sails was nearly four times the width of the mill house. In a fair wind each blade could lift a man from the ground or deal a blow capable of killing an ox. These blades were the pride of the miller: their strong shafts, their delicate lattice framing, their red canvas sails showed them to be servants of the wind, beautiful and industrious; but the slim house that held them captive where the miller used their strength for his own quiet ends was no less excellent in its own way and had seen many a fine set of sails worn out and replaced.

The mill house was built entirely of timber. From eaves to skirt the side walls were of long vertical elm planks set from the windward like weatherboards, so that each plank might protect the one behind it. The sail front, which of necessity faced the wind, was covered, like the peaked roof, with shingles resembling a scale armor of wood, and the whole surface of the mill in the course of many years and many gales had been blown to a silver gray, the color of the wind.

The mill faced mostly west in autumn and mostly east in spring. Hence it came about that the miller, who frequently went in and out of his door on to the wooden platform high up on the back of the mill, lived mostly in view of Ypres towers in the autumn, but of the sainted Mont de Cats and her sister hills in the spring. The miller's name was Huibrecht de Neerhof. The mill had been in the possession of his family for many generations—generations of hardworking, gentle-minded Flemish men and women, united directly to the rich soil they lived upon and concerned wholly with the labor of its fruits.

But some of the qualities which centuries before had produced artists of the first technique in Europe remained still in their blood. In the case of the present Huibrecht there was a pedantic thoroughness about each of his labors. In every wheel, bush, and spindle of his mill, made and mended by himself, there was simplicity of design and completeness of execution. There was also the instinct for form which can evolve its own decoration. The wooden lever over the flour chute which Huibrecht pushed to one side with a peculiar unconscious movement had a handle carved like an ear of corn. The newel post of the steep ladder stair which led up through a square hole into the grinding loft had on it a carved device of two sheaves and two sickles, and many other similar forms caught the eye. Half way to the ceiling on the wall opposite the door hung an oak panel carved in low relief by an old Neerhof many years ago, and now pegged to the wall with wooden pegs. It represented the Archangel Michael very high in the sky, engaged in fanning with his large wings and turning all the windmills

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on earth, each standing on its little hill, one behind the other. Someone long ago had gilded Michael's wings and painted the windmills red and blue, but the colors had faded now and the white flour dust had settled on their roofs and ridges and made them look as if snow had fallen upon them.

There was scarcely an event of Huibrecht's life that had not left some record in the mill. In a corner on a nail hung his confirmation certificate, dated 1878, once brightly colored, now mellowed by age and by dust. He had hung it on that identical nail, after returning from church in a very serious frame of mind in a new black suit after his first communion. But anyone who entered from the platform could not fail to notice two rope handles dangling just inside the doorway, one carved like a little man, the other like a little woman. They were worn and shiny from continual use. The ropes they were fastened to came through two holes in the floor above and connected with the machinery overhead, and they had frequently to be pulled by the miller. He scarcely noticed them now, but from time to time he remembered how they had come there, and smiled to himself.

Many years ago he had returned with his bride from the church to the mill, and showed her the two little figures he had carved in honor of their wedding. He remembered how Marie, then eighteen years old, and dressed in a bride's dress of gray cashmere with a lace collar and flounce, had patted the two little figures and made them swing; how she had laughed at them and at him, and how he had put his arms round her pretty shoulders.

Huibrecht and Marie had led a merry life for the first few months after marriage while the old miller and his wife retained their health. The old couple abated no part of their labor on the mill, the house, and the vegetable field, and the young couple worked pretty much when it pleased them, and for the most part in the mill. Marie had always been devoted to the mill since childhood, when she and Huibrecht and the Van Doorn children had played 'up a step higher and down a step lower' on the mill ladder. This working honeymoon was the only holiday period they had in their lives. For when old Madame Neerhof died, Marie's games had to cease, and the two could no longer go together into Poperinghe on a week-day. Marie settled down without complaint to the hard life of a Flemish countrywoman. The knowledge and competence for it were in her blood. It was an equal inherited wisdom that had made her play in her season of liberty and that now made her work.

But a week after old Madame Neerhof's funeral, Huibrecht's father had a paralytic stroke on the threshold of the house and was laid on the yellow bed that had seen so many deaths and births. He was sent away to the *hospice civil* at Ypres. This was on the advice of M. Meraing the doctor, who talked a great deal to Huibrecht and threw glances charged with meaning at Marie, as he sipped a glass of tisane. 'He may die or recover as God wills,' said M. Meraing; 'but in any case the funerals can be voluntarily arranged for, and in all cases are very correct and impressive.'

The whole of the work of the mill now fell upon Huibrecht and Marie. Marie knew all the routine of the house and of the vegetable field. She threw her young strength into it, and many an hour was spent under the gray wide sky planting or picking over the brown soil, with the spires of Poperinghe always waiting for her beyond the flat fields when she should raise her head.

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But in the mill the new régime was more difficult. A Flemish miller has to be weatherwise as a sailor. In the early months of the year his red sails and the skies beyond them live constantly in his mind. He must at all seasons work at unforeseen hours of daylight or dark and be content to sleep when his sacks are full or the wind has dropped. Marie often sat up with her husband at night. In the summer of 1896 there came a week of hot moist days with breezes at night. Huibrecht slept a few hours in the daytime and worked at night in company with Marie. Marie dozed at intervals upon a couch formed of empty sacks, with the gray cat Porpor beside her, who spent every night in the mill on guard against mice. Porpor could hear a mouse even in a storm. On these summer nights the soft breath of the earth rose up to them and mingled with the rich warm odor of crushed wheat. Marie from her couch could see nothing outside but stars framed in the wooden door, and in her own little planet lit by a lantern on a nail, her husband's shadow went to and fro on the walls.

Sometimes the wind dropped and they would go out on to the platform to cool themselves. One night during a lull Marie said, 'I am going over to the house to see after the *pot-au-feu* and to melt some butter for the young beans.' She went down the long ladder into the darkness, and Huibrecht had put one foot within the door when he heard a little cry from below. He found Marie on the bottom step of the ladder, holding tightly to the rail with clasped hands and pressing her forehead down upon her hands. He heard her say she felt faint, and immediately lifting her in his arms, he carried her across the bye road into the house, leaving his sails unreefed.

She told him she was with child. Huibrecht spat into the hearth and at the same time his skilled ear recognized the lisp of the wind rising again. His sails were moving. He allowed six minutes for the sack open under the flour chute to fill, and lighting a small lamp he filled a china bowl from the *pot-au-feu* and took it into Marie's room. But he found her asleep. He returned to the mill in time to tie the mouth of a full sack of flour—'the seventh sack,' he whispered. Then he fell on his knees and thanked St. Michael that Marie had fainted on the bottom step of the ladder and not at the top.

All next day Huibrecht, outwardly impassive though inwardly profoundly stirred, kept saying to himself, 'When I see her presently I will tell her all I feel,' or, 'when I am next in the room I will say to her, "Marie, I thank you."' But alas! he could never find words. When he encountered her soft brown eyes with the arched brows and saw the dark hair on the pillow, he could do nothing but stare grimly and kindly, or rub his hands together and swallow several times. He suffered from being thus inarticulate when neighbors were voluble in their compliments and goodwill. Next week Father Dalmate, who for many years had absolved Huibrecht from a round of very innocent sins, was surprised to hear him whisper that he had been unkind to his wife. He meant by that that he had failed to express love and gratitude toward her.

Marie bore a male child on the Eve of St. Luke. He was called Huibrecht like all the other Neerhofs and was an extremely happy child. The event receded gradually into the peaceful past of Marie's life, leaving an impression of clear weather and good omen. Little Huibrecht was dressed at an early age in a pair of wide blue knickers that buttoned over his shoulders

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and he wore little red socks and tiny shoes with wooden soles. The miller, emerging on his platform high above the hop poles, would glance at the sky from habit, and would not miss the form of the most distant clouds.

His eye would then travel from the horizon across the low contours of the land, and the movement of the lines of poplars in the wind, the obscurity or distinctness of a group of pollarded elms cathedral-shaped in the east, or the light on the roofs of Reninghelst, were unconsciously noted by him. But near at hand he would also discern his son, a very small blue spot among the cabbage plants. The mill soon attracted the child to its foot. He was too small to climb the ladder and could only sit on the first rung or on the top of the grassy knoll, always looking upward. He played for hours among the sacks of wheat that stood waiting in family groups at the foot of the mill. Porpor the cat would come down the ladder in a leisurely way, watching the pigeons, and would sit on a sack washing himself.

The miller with a grave face stood on the platform above, and shouted at intervals to a strong man who lifted the sacks one by one and tied them to the end of a rope. The sack swung clear of the ground and went up and up against the sky while the child stood open-mouthed looking after it. When Porpor was disturbed, he jumped from one sack on to another; and the sacks grew fewer and fewer until there was only one left. Then that too swung up into the sky and the grassy knoll was left bare.

While little Huibrecht played among the sacks the big sails of the mill made a terribly noisy bustle at the other side of the hill. A path ran round the hill printed all over with heavy footmarks. These footmarks were caused by his father and mother when they strained their weight against the arm of the mill in order to revolve it. Sometimes he would creep round this path until he could see the ends of the red sails come down in turn out of the sky and could hear the noise each sail made as it passed: 'Swish hunk—Swish hunk,' and could feel the clean wind pressing against his face.

One day little Huibrecht was surprised to see a very tall strong-looking woman, whom he did not know, come up to him and tell him he must come in to his dinner.

Why had his mother not come to fetch him?

The tall, strong woman carried him across the road and into the house parlor which seemed full of people. He looked round for his mother and ran into the next room where Marie lay on the yellow bed. The child asked a few shrill questions, but very soon the tall, strong woman, by name Aunt Van Doorn, came and took him by the hand and led him back into the parlor where his dinner waited him. When he was placed on his chair he swung his legs and began eating potatoes mashed in milk out of a blue bowl. At the stove sat a very old man warming himself. Aunt Van Doorn explained to the child that this was his grandfather who had come back from the *hospice civil* at Ypres where he had made a wonderful recovery but where all his clothes had been worn into holes, and where the nuns had made poor attempts at darning them

Aunt Van Doorn lived in the Rue au Beurre in Ypres in a twelve-roomed house with stepped gables. She had come over to help Marie in her second confinement, and had brought with her Grandfather Neerhof and the *sage femme* who had attended Marie before. Now she stood at the stove, one hand on her hip and the other grasping a large wooden stirrer and prepared to

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rule the household kindly but strictly. She glanced at little Huibrecht and her glance made him remember the next spoonful. She told him he would soon have a little sister. The child stared at her and then pointed with his hand toward the old man at the stove and said suddenly, 'What does he do?' Aunt Van Doorn gently restrained his arm and said, 'He does nothing now, dear.'

This was, indeed, the truth. Old Neerhof had recovered, but was so aged that he could only sit at the stove all day and play with bits of coke. He did nothing and said very little, and no one ever knew what thoughts passed through his mind. Sometimes as he dozed he would say things in his sleep and was once heard to say, 'Who profits by the wind robs no man.'

The women who heard him were startled and sought for a meaning. But his son the miller knew that these were the words carved high up on the roof-tree of the mill under a date 1704, seldom seen by anyone. The old man had mended the roof of the mill forty years before. He must have discovered the words at the date of the repair, but he had never spoken about them or quoted them before.

Two days after Aunt Van Doorn's arrival little Huibrecht had become quite reconciled to her. One evening she undressed him before the stove and then carried him into the next room to say his prayers to his mother, while she was folding up his clothes neatly. The equinox winds had begun and a loud noise could be heard outside. The miller was absent in his mill.

Little Huibrecht was put down on the yellow bed and his mother took him. He leaned his head against her soft smock and began to repeat, after her, words he did not understand. From his comfortable position he could see across to where the *sage femme* was drawing the curtains. '*Pater noster qui es in cœlis sanctificetur nomen tuum,*' said his mother. '*Sanctificetur nomen tuum,*' repeated Huibrecht. The *sage femme* was taking a large oil lamp and hanging it on a chain from the ceiling. '*Adveniat regnum tuum,*' said his mother, '*Fiat voluntas tua sicut in cœlo et in terra.*' Huibrecht could see between the curtains the drops of rain on the other side of the window-pane pearly white against the darkness. '*In cœlo et in terra,*' he repeated, and Marie's voice continued, '*Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie.*' '*Hodie,*' what a funny word! thought Huibrecht, and for some reason he noticed the angular profile of the *sage femme* against the lamp in a way that he never forgot. The lamp on its chain swung slightly and he followed it with his eyes. The *sage femme* was now bringing in a bath. He could hear the noise as she bumped its side against the foot of the bed. The swinging lamp made him feel sleepy. He felt his mother squeeze him tightly and say with a kind of gasp, '*Sed libera nos a malo.*' Then someone lifted him up out of her arms and he fell asleep.

Madame Van Doorn was right, Marie's second child was a girl. A few hours later it was born. Grandfather Neerhof stumbled into the room and stood muttering beside the yellow bed. They put the baby into his old dirty hands for a moment. The *sage femme* talked at the top of her voice while she poured water into the bath. 'Let *le grand* see the naked child,' said she, 'and then no one will dare to ask questions afterwards!' Marie felt too weak to say anything. Watching the gently swinging lamp, she wondered how long it would take before they put the baby back into her arms. The wind outside had risen to a gale and

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from habit she thought apprehensively of the mill. The rain pattered angrily against the tightly shut windows. The *sage femme* talked a great deal about Marie's last confinement three years ago, when everything had been kind and propitious and compared it with this one. She rubbed and slapped the child and began to speak of her relations in Bruxelles who had been staying with her. Marie on her bed heard of the great things that were going on in the world: of how old King Leopold was suffering from *la grippe*, of the first automobile that went from Paris to Bruxelles, of a new recipe for *cassis*, and of the war in South Africa between the Dutch and the English. 'Only think,' said the *sage femme*, 'of going days and nights without anything to eat and then being killed by a bullet that has been first through another man.'

This remark provoked a painful thought in Marie's mind. The voice of the *sage femme* mingled gradually with the noise of the wind and rain, and Marie sank into a reverie of her own.

The pains were over and time was over too. She felt so weak that she seemed to lie with hollow spaces around and beneath her. It was true that this birth was quite different from the last. She thought of the warm, fine weather three years ago. It was as if the summer had lingered on that occasion for her benefit, for hers and for little Huibrecht's.

She recalled the christening at the church in Poperinghe and the drive thither still in sunshine in the company of her husband, of Aunt Van Doorn, and of Madame Delestrez, her husband's kinswoman, all dressed in their Sunday clothes. She had felt very proud of herself, and was glad that there were so many persons at the doors of the estaminets along the Poperinghe road. She knew that heads were turned and that people asked each other why the Neerhof family were driving into Poperinghe on a week day in their best clothes accompanied by relations. Their progress along the road, the compliments of Madame Delestrez, the ceremony in church in which she bore the leading part, the signing of the registration book and the christening cake with white icing at the evening meal, the whole little stir she had made in the world had then seemed to her the natural and sufficient reward for the pains and sorrow of bearing of a child.

But now there was a change. For some reason Marie knew there could no longer be a feeling of reward, and only a very little pride. The new child was of the sex often despised when newly born, but Marie did not despise her daughter. She was to be called Martine. Marie remembered she had made plans for the future for her first-born, but she felt there was no need to make plans for Martine who had come riding the wind. A feeling of intense curiosity and intense anxiety seized her. A noisy gust rattled the windows: all outside was violence. But the two children were asleep, one in her arms and one in a box cot beside the bed. Opening her eyes she saw that her husband, who had been sitting on a chair beside her, had sunk his head down on his arms. She saw him peacefully silhouetted. Everyone was asleep and fearless in the turmoil of the storm.

She alone moved her mind restlessly round the circle of human creatures she loved.

The sense of anxiety increased. She heard in her dreams the *sage femme* again talking of the great and terrible world. A figure arose out of her words who drove all comfortable familiar things out of life and held out menacing

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arms toward her. No, not toward her, but toward her children. *She* was to die, to be extinguished and forgotten, and her children (and she thought of her husband as one of them) were to be in great and continual danger. She emerged from her dreams and saw the appalling fact clearly and suddenly, and as though revealed to her by mistake. She rebelled against it, and her mind fluttered round its poor orbit of knowledge. She would not have it as the fact showed. She would have it otherwise. If Marie had had the power she would then have arranged heaven and hell to serve her maternal instinct. But she had not the power.

She came in time to think of her religion. Why had she not thought of it before? She saw all the images she knew so well — images of life, hope, suffering, and comfort. She thought of the High Altar in the church at Poperinghe; of the priest's back with the colored vestments rumpled round the neck. She thought of the picture of St. Veronica, the woman who was kind to Jesus, of the Calvary at the cross-roads, and of the image of the Virgin with the candles burning before it. She looked at them all with grateful and sorrowful eyes; they were so ancient, so familiar, so beloved. They were only comforts, but she did not despise them. How good of God and the holy angels to recognize her need of comfort! No one would recognize it who had not also suffered, who had not borne a child and relinquished a child. What must not Mary the Mother of God have suffered! She passed by all the images in turn, but before the Madonna she lingered, and nodded to her in a friendly way.

Then she slept. Marie did not die that night. She had, indeed, five more years to live.

In the dawn Huibrecht the miller woke and raised his head from his wife's bed. He glanced at his wife and she woke under his glance. He went out to the mill.

But Marie followed his familiar way in spirit. She seemed to mingle with the white wind, to eddy with it, and to rest her breast upon it. Far below she saw Huibrecht strain his weight against the arm of the mill and slowly swing the sail-face into the wind. The whole mill house was trembling like an instrument of music tuned and expectant. Huibrecht ran up the ladder and released the brakes: the sails scarcely unreefed turned and increased in speed. Inside the mill the wind sent eddies of flour across the floor, and the white-powdered walls and floor gave back the early morning light. Soon the whole mill house vibrated to a great roar, within which could be heard and felt the gigantic beat of the sails.

Marie saw Huibrecht lift his head and listen. He was searching every sound in the mill with trained ear to detect if all was true and capable of the strain. Then with sleepy strength he wielded his heavy sacks of wheat and emptied them one by one into the receiving bin. He descended to the mouth of the chute and the creamy flour began to pour.

The man stood in the centre of the old and beautiful machine and ruled it with his brain and hand. Sometimes the whole building swayed in the mouth of the wind; and always a finely balanced rhythm, persistent and intense, filled the senses with the conviction of unanswerable life, infinitely powerful and infinitely restrained.

But to Marie's spirit the experience was one of freedom. Then a movement recalled her. It was Martine, the new baby, pushing at her breast.

For a moment Marie had forgotten her children.

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ON BEING A VAGABOND

BY E. D. NEWTON

A VAGABOND! The rolling stone was a vagabond. It gathered no moss. Vagabonds don't. They gather no mental moss anyhow, for that is a sign of old age, and all true vagabonds are young — young enough to wonder and dream daily the dreams that are the secret of all youth. It is only when the wondering image maker is slain that beauty flies away with youth on her shoulders, and the vagabond's world is vital, full of the eager wonder of the child.

And as for the golden moss that glitters, that also he does not gather, for it is heavy, and a light load is the secret of easy walking; besides, moonshine is far more lovely and it is carried in the heart. So 'with lavish hands he scatters all that he earns or achieves.' Autumn does the same when she shakes the trees of their leaves, and the leaf-gold scuttles in her wake to the four corners of the earth.

To some, 'vagabond' is merely a picturesque term for a tramp. These are the blind; they do not see the sceptre. These eat stewed mutton, done to rags, and catch trains, and read newspapers, and do other equally impossible things, such as getting up at the same hour each morning, and retiring at night with the determined precision of penny-in-the-slot machines. The stars to them are 'objects of interest'; and it is a pity rather that the moon cannot be curtained off in a private museum, it is such a dead failure as a lighting principle, and such a confounded nuisance should a war chance to be on.

A vagabond is not a tramp. There are tramps and tramps. The tramp proper is the man who does what his name implies — he moves. He moves from one spot to another. In normal times he is on all the great main roads, moving from city to city, from seaport to inland town. He is not a vagabond; he is merely a traveler, with a subconscious sense of the æsthetic. The modern way of being dragged or forced along while sitting down is to him a remote undignified banality. He is a biped, primitive in type, and prefers to move with his feet.

Walking is so rare nowadays that it is as well to explain, perhaps, that, properly performed, it is a swinging rhythmical movement of the entire body, and when the walker is not out of anatomical alignment owing to the use of heeled shoes, the movements are full of quiet beauty and graceful poise.

There are tramps who are vagrants. These are a second class, a little more seedy-looking, a little more down-at-heel than the other, and full of choice slang and bitter-sweet wit. They make of the road a profession. The highway is to them what the wave-washed shore is to the unmoored seaweed. It does to drift along. If it is summer, and he feels inclined, the vagrant does a little hop-picking or bean-pulling; and when the weather is wet, he lives in retirement in an especially select and choice workhouse until the sun calls him out again. He keeps a weather eye open upon the country magistrate, and places are favored where that gentleman is not unduly strict.

But the vagrant, picturesque and appealing as he looks, washed in with the amber glories of an October sunset, is no true vagabond. He clings too much to bootlaces and the tricky trifling of the huckster for our gentle man of the roads and byways; for the true vagabond is a gentleman in the finest sense of that much-abused word.

Nor must the vagabond be con

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fused with the Bohemian, though in heart and spirit they are akin. The Bohemian is essentially of the town and the great city, but the vagabond is not so limited: his realm reaches to the edge of the earth.

'A wandering idle fellow,' sniff the Philistines, forgetting how that virtuous sniff of theirs betrays their status in the scullion hall. The would-be insult is a compliment in disguise, a tacit appreciation of the poetry of vagabondage. 'A wandering idle fellow'— the words are eloquent! There is movement in them and stillness: between these two poles swing all the dual mysteries of the universe.

The vagabond carries his soul about with him in the painstaking way that a stockbroker will carry his umbrella. Umbrellas have great qualities. They are useful as props, they block out the sky. People think they are useful to keep off the rain. Never was there a greater delusion. Umbrellas like getting wet no more than any other product of civilization. They go out when it is fine; at other times they see to it that they stop indoors. If you are at all observant you will notice that an umbrella persists in forcing its company on you in fine weather; at other times it desists. When it pelts, the artful minx has arranged to remain at home. Damp and wretched yourself, she is neat and dry, sunning her delicately pointed toe in your rack stand.

Umbrellas are one of the quaintest jokes man has invented against himself. It was seeing the first man with the first umbrella that made the Cheshire cat grin; but then, the Cheshire cat was a vagabond himself and saw the humor of the thing. Umbrellas, clearly, have nothing whatever to do with vagabondage. One would as soon imagine Canute guilty of a top hat as a vagabond under an umbrella. He takes shelter, yes, under a hedge; in natural caves; in holes in the chalk; in hollows worn in rocks, like wild things: the wind may chase him at meal-times (when he undoes the handkerchief bundle slung over his shoulder) to the leeside of walls and haystacks, and the tempest find him lodged in old barns and wayside inns; or, perchance, accepting the hospitality of the woodcutter's cottage in the lonely forest.

He gets wet. What matter? The wind dries him with the painstaking love of a mother. Your Philistine would perish in agonies of cramp, for he is one of little faith. When our vagabond ought to be dying, he is vaulting a stile and going on his way whistling merrily.

He is the expression of the untamable spirit of life. It is a primal force, this element of vagabondage, bound magically in the hearts of all things living.

Everyone whom one sees moving about is not alive; some merely exist, and many are quite dead. The Philistines, especially, are numbered among the dead, and they are many. If you caught a Philistine waiting up late at night to watch a cloud effect on the moon, he would blush. No one has yet seen a Philistine blush; he has not the grace to do these things.

But the wind is alive and the wind is vagabond, as it winds the pulsing earth in its wild mad hair. Water, too, is vagabond. It comes, it goes, it rises, and it descends, longing for God knows what; beating upon the shore; restless always, unsatisfied, dripping from the edges of nebulous clouds, lashed by the wind across the moor — two rovers going hand in hand, parting again in a fresh passion of selfhood, seeking new ways, hammering out yet new forms for the reclothing of old experience.

All things with wings are vagabond

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— bees, wasps, tawny moths, and butterflies; and all things that are not bound — color painting the evening sky, fragrances, song breaking the heart, the swift flame of fire.

And loves also, they are vagabond, for they have both wings to fly away and nothing may bind them. Most subtle of all, beautiful as the flowers, and as elusive, here is a roving glory that will not be caged. It is winging its way ahead even as we clutch at it, and only torn and bleeding feathers are in our hands. Love, too, is vagabond, our pathetic little vagabond.

The vagabond is everywhere. Even the trees, tied as they are to their own little plots, rove with their branches day and night, gathering in sunlight and starlight, scattering moving shades.

There are also vagabonds in amateur — cats, for instance; nice cats, that is. No one has ever tamed a cat. A dog may cringe, a cat never. A dog may be tied to a kennel, but the goings and comings of a cat are known to herself alone. She wears soft things in velvety art shades, and is sometimes indiscreet, but with graceful determination she retains her right to the latchkey. Up to a point she is a vagabond perfect; but, beyond that, too delicately conservative for vagabondage proper. Her methods, even when she is male, are feminine; she is a rover within limits, a dilettante; tied, perhaps, by a too appreciative analysis of character to her maiden home, even after assuming the married state.

But these unhuman things are vagabond according to whimsical law. Destiny has conditioned their vagabondage. They are free because they must be free. Civilized man is vagabond only when he has transcended destiny and mastered himself. Then only is he become initiate. The little catchwords of the market-place for him no longer exist. He measures life with life. He gives all and he takes no less.

A vagabond on the road is a fine sight.

He wears a hat — a mossy thing with a brim wide enough to keep the sun from his eyes and the rain from the crevasse that yawns between his collar and the back of his neck.

His coat is loose and easy and has no date. It fits comfortably into the century, is warm and cozy — a simple homespun, making him landscape in the way that the mosses and the lichens make landscape of the old wall.

He wears knickers, stockings, and shoes — comfy shoes that know the roads, that have been mended at least once; tried friends that can be trusted not to rasp the skin off the heels or tie painfully decorative corns on his little toes.

In his hand he carries a stick, a nice light stick with a whack in it; a stick chosen carefully, a stick with a personality of its own. It has a curved handle for hooking down things, honeysuckle and wild roses, elderberries, nuts, and blackberries, the things that dangle and tantalize, more desirable than any others, just out of reach.

His stick is the Open Sesame to the vagabond's paradise, and is more of an intimate than his dearest friend. Where he goes, it goes. Where he sleeps, it also lies down, a companion watchdog. On the mountain side, it keeps him from slipping; once, climbing a cliff, this third leg saved his life; when he is tired, funds are low, and he is in a mood despondent, then is it still his dogged, trusty companion, laboriously helping him up the hill in silence.

The vagabond takes no vows, but hourly he learns humility, for the earth has wide horizons and the infinite awakens at his lightest touch. His also is chastity, for he wounds none; and poverty also, for what he has he shares;

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and rarely is he other than light of heart, for his sins they are not heavy.

So let all men be vagabond some time in their lives, and all women, too, if it be possible. Let them leave for a while their toy illusions and stupid nightmares. Let them seek life and taste her; let them know weariness and the beautiful secret of rest; let them face fear and conquer her with courage; let them some time be utterly alone with their own souls that they may learn peace.

There are the hills and the wild, bare places; there are valleys and flowers, flickering leaves and winding streams. There are the branches of the trees in winter, frosted cobwebs, and the falling snow, calling.

There is comradeship out there in the wilds, sturdy in the untamed freedom. There are people along the roads waiting to be passed.

To-day

IN A CANADIAN CANTEEN

BY MAY QUINLAN

WORK was in full swing in the Canadian Canteen. The clatter of cups and saucers came faintly through the buzz of voices.

'Chucks!' said a lanky seafaring man as he bent earnestly over the counter.

'Reckon it's hard for a guy to take out a young lady when 'e on'y gets two pound a month.'

I agreed. The demand was greater than the supply. That was the worst of hospital pay.

'O' course,' he continued in his slow Yankee drawl, 'guess the young lady 'd pay her own whack, come to that. But I reckon if a guy takes out a young lady an' 'e lets 'er pay, why he kind o' feels like a pea-hen with its tail feathers pulled off.' And by a deft movement of the tongue he shifted the gum to the other cheek.

There were many men to serve in that first morning rush. Some were in khaki, but most were in blue, and they came and went all day, so the canteen workers were kept busy, for when one was not serving out tea and coffee, one was handing out stamps or stationery, or selling sticks of shaving soap, or counting out bootlaces, or booking up the daily entries for the billiard table; and while so engaged one had to throw back impromptu replies to the quick fire of wit and humor, in French and English, that came like so many bullets across the counter.

Meanwhile the men continued to come on in waves, and the seafaring man, by a gentle but irresistible pressure, found himself on the outer edge of the crowd, where, so to speak, he still tried to keep his head above water. There was something about that seafaring man that always suggested the Old Man of the Sea. When you thought he was gone and his spirit laid, it was then he reappeared, looming up from nowhere.

'Say, Sister!' a nasal drawl broke over three rows of khaki heads. 'Reckon I'll be wantin' you to write that theer letter fur me.'

'Can you come back later?' I said from behind the coffee urn.

'Shure!' And the loose-limbed figure swung out from the edge of the crowd, and so disappeared.

Farther down the counter a pretty French worker was saying to a wounded Tommy:

'I am sorry. It will take — but three minutes quite. Do you mind to wait?'

'Guess I don't,' said the damaged warrior, 'if you 'll just go on talkin' to me.'

A ripple of laughter went up from the counter. But the Tommy never

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smiled: he merely looked at her — and beyond.

A khaki figure elbowed his way through the crowd and stood panting at the busy end of the counter.

'Say! but it's mortal dry in the pay office. Can you give me a drink right away?'

'Yes,' I said. 'What do you want?'

'Anything, I reckon, so long as it's wet.'

I turned to a fellow worker.

'What shall I give him?' I asked.

'Try him with a "stone ginger,"' she said. 'It never fails.'

She was quite right. He finished it in one breath, and, as he laid the twopence on the counter, he said dramatically, 'Guess you 've saved my life.' And, being wise in his generation, he was off like a streak, for there were penalties attaching to being A.W.L. from the pay office in working hours.

That was why staff men and cripples were always served first in our canteen: the cripples because they should not be kept waiting, and the staff men because they should not want to — but they often did.

'Are you in a hurry?' I asked one of those regimentally employed.

'In a hurry! Bet your sweet life I 'm not. No, sir! not on a dollar ten a day.' At which the other men laughed in agreement, and also at my sex being again mistaken.

It often happened that a man would be relating something, and, carried away by the recital, he'd say, addressing me, 'And boy, oh boy! but you would have laughed.' A roar of laughter would interrupt him, and the narrator would push back his cap and say apologetically: 'Beg your pardon, Sister, but — danged if I can remember.' Whereupon there would be another laugh. 'Shut up, you guys!' (this in an audible aside). 'Guess she understands all right.'

'That so, Sister?' and he turned to me.

'Quite,' I laughed; the fact being that since I went to that wonderful camp I was never sure myself which I was.

Just then an officer, arrayed in a disreputable-looking trench coat, blew in. The coat had obviously seen service, and on his head was a khaki cap, pulled slightly over one eye. To look at him you would have guessed some time before you guessed right. He was the Canadian R.C. chaplain.

'All correct, Sister?' he asked as he strolled behind the counter.

Hastily gathering together my knowledge of the Canadian tongue, I answered demurely:

'I guess, Major, we 're *jakerloo!*'

'Reckon you 're getting on fine with the language,' he said. 'You shure are.'

'I've been taking lessons,' I said in explanation, while I went on serving a man at the other side of the counter.

The khaki figure passed along, taking no further notice of me or of anyone else.

That was the best of the padre. He never did take much notice of anybody. And he was entirely unconscious of effects. If the spirit moved him to do a thing, he did it, and you could think what you liked. He never explained his actions; on the contrary, his actions explained him.

Just now the spirit was apparently moving him, for I became aware that he was whistling softly with an air of abstraction, and as he whistled he did a little step-dance, all to himself, behind the counter.

Then, looking up, he suddenly espied some particular figure who had just come in, and immediately his interest crystallized in that one man.

'Say, artilleryman!' (The man addressed wheeled round). 'Have n't I

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seen you before?' A quick pause, in which he concentrated his mind. 'Yes. Reckon you were with the —th battalion at ——. Gee! but it was a God-forsaken hole!'

'I guess that's right,' said the wounded man.

'Remember that corner house all knocked to pieces? And the rats!'

'Gee whizz! reckon I do,' said the other.

'Will you ever forget that day in March — just before we went over? The Heines were flinging over any old thing, from the kitchen range to a cricket ball. Heavens to Betsey! but I guess it was a picnic all right!'

And the major and the private became absorbed in war talk; both were back in the trenches.

Presently more men drifted up and joined the circle. And now and again a man would appear from nowhere and grip the padre's hand.

'Say, Major, but I guess it's good to see you again. It shure is!' And the hand-grip would not relax.

Then the major would look at him and say: 'Guess the last time I saw you was the night before Vimy Ridge. Gee, boys; will you ever forget?' And again the group would become immersed in talk, exchanging notes or relating some grim joke from the trenches; and always that M.C. major was the live wire in the group.

There was a boy standing near me who had been watching that group in silence, and as he put down his cup he said quietly: 'I'm not an R.C. myself, but I reckon' (and with a gesture he indicated the padre) 'that there's a man the boys would die for.'

I was still serving out coffee full steam ahead when the corporal in charge of the kitchen stood beside me. 'Beg pardon, Sister. O.C. on inspection.' Then lowering his voice, he said unofficially: 'And a big bunch with him: adjutant, quartermaster — the whole outfit, I reckon.'

Whereupon my heart sank, for at that moment I could see various cigarette wrappings on the floor, and dead matches here and there, and cake frills strewn about — things that the inspection party always looked for, and generally found — things for which I, as head of the hut, was held responsible.

It was quite true. The inspection party were there in massed formation, a brace of sergeants acting as supports in the rear. They were six to one, and it did not seem to give that one a sporting chance. However, putting a brave face on it, I advanced to meet the invaders, whereupon I was greeted with six salutes and four good-mornings (front rank only).

Overtopping the other men stood the O.C. He had a firm-set jaw, and a moustache with waxed ends that turned up stiffly and looked somehow as if they were standing at attention. He had heavy level brows that made you feel a little afraid, and a pair of eyes that nothing escaped. It was a stern face — the face of a disciplinarian. And it was only when the corners of his mouth twitched into a smile that a twinkle dawned in his eye, and you found yourself thanking heaven that, whatever this man's defects, he had the saving sense of humor. For, in spite of his chin, the O.C. was a sport. As for the other officers who were with him ——. But I have no time for them, as at this moment the O.C. could be heard saying in his most businesslike voice: 'Any complaints?'

Before replying I looked along the counter, where my fellow workers were working as busily as bees (and I thought how nice they looked, too, in their white veils and pale blue overalls).

'Do we look as if we had any?' I asked gently.

'I reckon you look all right,' ad-

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mitted the O.C., 'but things are not always what they seem.'

'They are here,' I said. 'No complaints at this side of the counter.' And I looked hard at that O.C.

'Got home,' murmured the quartermaster. 'Reckon that's one to you, sir.' And they all laughed.

'Have you all the help you want?' went on the O.C. 'Fatigues come regularly? If you want more, you 've only to say so, and I reckon the adjutant ——'

'Sure,' said the tall adjutant, with that characteristic smile of his. 'All you've got to do is to send along an orderly with a chit——'.

Here the quartermaster broke in, afraid of being left out of the competition. The quartermaster always looked sardonic, but was rather a wag in disguise.

'And, of course,' he said, with a whimsical wave of his hand, 'the quartermaster's stores are entirely at your disposal.' And the insincerity of the man was so patent that he had the grace to laugh with us.

The inspection party were about to take their leave when fate plucked at the colonel's sleeve. It was only then he saw the untidy floor.

'Guess it's strange,' he said musingly, as he reviewed the offending bits, 'strange that when the boys have a nice place like this they would not take a pride in keeping it tidy.'

There was a horrid pause, during which I tried to make up my mind as to the best line of defense.

'Well, Colonel,' I said, hastily deciding that any defense was better than none, 'this is the way I look at it. You can't have everything. If those boys were always picking up their cigarette ends and keeping the daily papers neatly folded they'd make excellent housemaids, but poor soldiers.'

Then said the O.C. grimly: 'I reckon these boys must be damn fine soldiers!' And laughing heartily, the party saluted again and went their way.

Meanwhile the work of the hut never slackened: the clatter of cups and saucers still resounded, and the click of ivory balls came from the billiard room, while the piano rang out relentlessly. The sound of army boots tapping on the floor suggested that a 'buck and wing' dance was in progress. Over the heads of the crowd a khaki cap bobbed up and down, and under it was a black face. An American coon was giving an exhibition to a select but wrapt audience.

So the work went on. It was all very kaleidoscopic; men coming and going, groups forming and reforming, orderlies hurrying to and fro, and over it all the low murmur of men's voices. It was curious how quiet those hundreds of soldiers were. No voice was ever unduly raised. They might have been in their own homes.

And it was a cosmopolitan crowd, so many nationalities being enrolled under the banner of the Maple Leaf.

Here was a darky from the West Indies, very shiny and nicely blacked. A Jap or two sat at the next table. There were a handful of half-breeds further along, and several quiet-eyed Red Indians, whose khaki caps seemed a poor substitute for their native feathers. There was a Mohammedan from Syria, and a brace of coons from the states. There was a handsome Greek from the Archipelago, and a Czecho-Slovak (from Winnipeg). There were Russians, who laughed when their English proved inadequate, and clear-eyed Danes, whose forbears sailed the seas when Vikings commanded the galleys. There were Swedes and Roumanians and swarthy Italians. There was a Spaniard from Spain and another from the Argentine, and French-

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men from France, who consorted but ill with their French-Canadian second cousins.

Close to the counter there stood a fierce-looking Sicilian brigand, who, just then, was explaining to the padre about the altercation he had had with a Britisher, and how the devil was urging him to kill the Britisher; and in his endeavor to ward off the wiles of the Evil One he crossed himself continually. And lo! while he was making the sign for the tenth time, the Britisher had knocked him down.

The brigand even now was indignant; but whether his indignation was inspired by the crass British ignorance which failed to grasp the lofty motive for his passivity, or whether he resented the scurvy trick that Heaven had played him, I do not know. Anyway, he had a black eye, and he spoke excitedly, flinging all his fingers in the air.

Apart from these, there were Americans by the score, men from North and South: some who wanted you to know that they were Yankees, others who blazed if you thought they were.

And in addition to these types there were Britishers from every nook and corner of the four kingdoms.

Lastly came the Canadians proper, men from East and West, genuine sons of Our Lady of the Snows. Of these there were trappers from the Hudson River territory, and men of the Northwest Police. There were lumberjacks from Labrador way, and daredevils from the western camps. There were diggers from Alaska and the Yukon; and backwoodsmen from New Brunswick. There were ice peddlers from the city and cow-punchers from the ranch. There were business men, C.P.R. chefs, medical students, university professors, philanthropists, actors, lawyers, ministers of religion, and I know not who else — men of all creeds and classes and nationalities — and together they stood shoulder to shoulder in the ranks of the Canadian Army.

And it was these men, each either sick or wounded, who frequented the K. of C. hut and made it what it was — a work of absorbing human interest: a place of laughter and tears.

The Tablet

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE AND HIS SPOOKS

BY E. T. RAYMOND

It is related of Congreve that in his later years he affected a disdain for his own works, and expressed annoyance when they were praised. Voltaire, visiting England, began in his innocence to congratulate the old dandy on being the only English comedy writer who could touch the skirts of Molière. Congreve replied that *The Way of the World* and *Love for Love* were only the diversions of an idle youth, and begged his visitor to think of him only as a private gentleman. The retort was prompt. 'I could have met a gentleman,' said Voltaire, 'without leaving France.'

This precise form of foppery is no longer met with, but many clever men are still afflicted with the weakness of which it was one manifestation. They are contemptuous of their strong sides, and ludicrously proud of qualities which, at the best, they share with a crowd. Born songsters pride themselves on their economics; good romancers talk bad politics; popular preachers slop about in the morasses of Higher Criticism; men with illimitable fairy tales in them argue on Socialism or the price of coal; budding Romneys deviate into all the various lunacies which end in 'ism' — and (one hopes) in bankruptcy.

But perhaps the most remarkable

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case is that of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. A genuine craftsman, having found his precise medium, having achieved a success as complete as it was deserved, finds no happiness therein, thinks contemptuously of the happiness his art has brought to others, and turns with a sense of vocation to — it is difficult politely to specify what. He is not, of course, to be blamed for refusing to repeat himself to his life's end, like Nat Gould and others. He is said to have become so weary of Sherlock Holmes that he murdered the great detective with glee and resurrected him with extreme repugnance. All that is understandable; some tinge of the same feeling may have affected the most admiring reader. *Toujours perdrix* must be as monotonous for the cook as for the diner. But it is curious that an artist so considerable in the one special line never managed to strike out another fitting his peculiar gift.

Sir Arthur's incursions into historical romance cannot be called very successful. His *Micah Clark* is really a very bad kind of prig, D'Artagnan with a snuffle; *The White Company* is far from good company; *Brigadier Gerard* is too patently an Englishman who shrugs his shoulders and says 'Parly-voo!' Nor can it be honestly said that Sir Arthur shines as historian or controversialist; for neither part has he the temper nor the judgment. He is, indeed, a rather singular example of the very limited man impatient of his limits, and always wanting, like his own Dr. Watson, to be trying another person's job. Dr. Watson was not a shining success, but his patients did not seem to complain, as Sir Arthur's readers must sometimes do.

What can now be the feelings of those readers over the latest vagaries of their old favorite? One can imagine the devout Doylist wringing his hands over every fresh appearance of Sir Arthur in the character of an exponent of spiritualism. For Sir Arthur the spiritualist makes cruel war on the great legend of the perfect detective. The peculiar charm of *Sherlock Holmes* is common sense penetrated with glamour; it is the romance of the ultra-prosaic. If Watson were a shade less commonplace, if the criminals were only a trifle more out-of-the-way, if the Anglo-Indian in *The Sign of Four* lived in a house less hideously real than the yellow-bricked villa at Brixton, the spell would cease to act. As things are, we are constantly hovering on the verge of skepticism and anti-climax when the requisite touch of natural stupidity or commonness assures us that it is all real, that we are veritably there in the frowsy suburban garden or the dusty attic, watching with Watson's own bewilderment the seeming irrelevances of the great consulting detective, or sharing his prejudice against the perky cocksureness of the regular man from Scotland Yard. Sherlock Holmes would be incredible if he ever deviated by a hair's-breadth from his line of inference from observation, if coincidence ever came to his help, if (in short) he were not always merely the personification of common sense, while Watson, his foil, is the personification of common stupidity.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in his new character, is the exact opposite of his creation. Instead of common sense penetrated with glamour, we have here the wildest mysticism tamed down and vulgarized by a dreadful ordinariness. In the detective stories we do feel with a shudder that No. 10 Endymion Terrace, with its smug suburban front and its bow-window with an india rubber plant in a ten-and-sixpenny vase, is authentically one with Tophet; in the spiritualistic expositions we are made to feel that Paradise is very like, say, the Hampstead Garden Suburb, full

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of gramophones and Cockney jokers, with a sprinkling of superior persons.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle describes it all much as if he had just returned from a week-end. 'Happy circles,' he says, 'live in pleasant homesteads, with every nicety of beauty and of music. Beautiful gardens, lovely flowers, green woods, domestic pets — all these things are fully described in the messages of pioneer travelers who have at last got news back to those who linger in the old dingy home.' There are no tiresome laws against divorce at will such as rouse Sir Arthur's indignation here below. The sullen husband and the flighty wife are no longer the plague of their innocent partners, but find suitable 'arrangements' for their happiness. The craftsman still labors at his job, but 'for the joy of the work' — and one hopes his work gives joy to others. One hopes so, but there are obvious difficulties. For example, the joy of Mr. George Robey in his craft might mar the joy of Dr. Clifford. The joy of a critic of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle might not give joy to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle himself; if it did, the critic would have no joy, for what is the use of criticizing if the criticized, like the people in *Princess Ida*, 'votes you quite delightful'? Sir Arthur apparently appreciates smoke and drink, for, according to him, there will be the 'equivalents' of alcohol and tobacco in the Elysian fields. But will the shades of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. 'Pussyfoot' Johnson be quite happy in such circumstances?

The description need not be continued, though it goes into much monstrous detail. Sir Arthur claims to have abolished, on the evidence of the mediums, the idea of 'a grotesque hell and a fantastic Heaven.' But his notion of evidence is a little different from that accepted in the King's Bench. For example, he states most confidently that early Christianity was simply spiritualism, and that the Founder of the Christian religion was the 'most powerful medium the world has ever seen,' who chose his disciples not because they were good or cultured but for their 'psychic powers.' 'I am convinced,' he says, as if that were an end of it. Yet he denounces as bigotry, narrow-minded obstinacy, and much else the convictions of the 'orthodox'; the dogmas of Christianity, he says, 'matter little,' and have 'added needlessly to the contentions of the world'; and he sweeps aside as of no account 'all the haggling claims and the mythical doctrines which have grown up around the name of Christ.'

When good Dr. Watson waxed too impossibly obtuse, Sherlock Holmes used to rally him with a 'Really, my dear Watson.' Is there nobody to bring up Dr. Watson's creator with a friendly remonstrance of the same kind? It appears to be called for.

The Outlook

LESSONS FROM OLD CIVILIZATIONS

BY FLINDERS PETRIE

A FEW years ago we used to indulge in an axiomatic belief that everything must interminably improve without any setback. The last five years have at least made us understand that nations cannot be born without a terrible travail of the world. A year ago there was the infatuation that everyone was to be at once more prosperous, better, and wiser than before. To-day we see little signs of more wisdom in Europe, or of more prosperity in any country. We have raged about getting forward; but our getting forward is often forward round a circle, and we get back to where we started. All human history has been going over the old round

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of civilization, as far back as we can see it. Each form of society, each form of art, recurs in the same order in each successive civilization. Yet there is progress; for every age is on a higher plane of knowledge and ability to use Nature than was the previous age. When we have just been living through a lifetime of changes in two or three years, it is well to give an eye to the general pattern of human affairs.

The difficulties and changes of the Roman age were much the same as ours; we can see how they met these conditions, where they succeeded and where they failed. The same methods will not necessarily spell success or failure for us; but the various pitfalls are at least a warning to us to guard against similar mistakes. The Roman management of the Western World was a great success for training of the nations, though at a great cost of suppression and hardship. How did democracy manage it? That may light up our questions. Within a century of plebeian control the series of dictators arose, the only effective instrument for dealing with large questions in conformity with democratic opinion. That dictatorship passed into army control, and as the army became internationalized, it passed into international control of the whole group.

So long as the mass of administrative families were kept in unison with this, during the first two centuries after Christ, the system worked fairly well, the civilized world was widely prosperous and happy. When the army broke away and ignored the civil population, it set up and cut down its 'barrack-emperors' as it listed, every few years. General disruption and misery followed. This was only overcome by starting again a strong civilian control by a bureaucracy under Diocletian, which gave another century of well-being to the West, and kept the Eastern Empire afloat for a thousand years. We see that 'direct action' by force was a failure, and linked action by consent of a permanent body of trained administrators was the essential to democratic success.

Next see where the Roman development entirely failed. Its demand for public maintenance steadily grew, and it was met by eating up the capital values of the tributary provinces, and finally the capital values of Rome itself. The Mediterranean was ruined by slave hunting, by taxation, by corn tribute. Doles incessantly increased and ruined the moralities of work. Every worker had to belong to a trade-union, and the government used the unions to do cheap work for the poor, and be paid for it by overcharging the well-to-do. The end was social slavery and economic ruin.

Here we may see the insight which history gives us on these problems, repeated in our own age. A still longer view into earlier civilizations — even though imperfect — has its use in showing us what always recurs, and is, therefore, inherent in man's nature, and what is merely a casual effect and not constant. We want now to get back to as clear a view of the natural history of man as may be possible after the long ages that have passed. We need to build up a picture of the past in as much social detail as we can if we would understand the present and forecast future changes.

In our present difficulty, let us see what the Egyptian city man was formerly. In the third century, 'It is a familiar thing with the people of Egypt to break out, like madmen, into the violentest seditions and disorders, upon the slightest occasions. Often have they for a matter of a compliment neglected, or for a place in the baths, or about the flesh in their markets, herbs, shoes, and the like, raised such

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commotions as have hazarded the ruin of the state, and required an army to repress them again.' So wrote Pollio.

The old Egyptian, ages before in the days of the Pyramids, claimed as his title to righteousness, 'My mouth hath not run on; my mouth hath not been hot; I have not quarreled; my voice has not been voluble in my speech; my voice is not loud.' He knew the national failings. He also knew the evils of officialdom. 'Verily he who possesseth prudence is as the possessor of good, he holdeth like a crocodile from the officials.' He also knew the fickleness of his nation. 'Mankind turn their hearts to him who inspireth them with fear; fill not thy heart with a brother.' 'Thy entering into a village begins with acclamations; at thy going out thou art saved by thy hand.' Every word is as true now as it was thousands of years ago. Again, the puzzlement of the European Powers over affairs of Morocco would have been much less had they started from the history of that troubled land in the Middle Ages. All that happens now is only repeating an old tale.

There are great stretches of the past that we want to clear up, for the sake of suggestions in handling the same races in the present. Where did the great organizing race come from that founded the solid fabric of the Egyptian dynasties? Is there more of that stock yet to be found about the Persian Gulf, and can we help them up? We want to know how Elam and Mesopotamia organized a civilization earlier than all the rest of the world. Their system might give ideas for the resuscitation of those regions. They had the same antagonism of the cultivator and the nomad that we are troubled with at present.

We need to get rid of all idea that the ways of one country will fit another. Each land has its own type of feeling and its own climatic needs and limitations; only in harmony with those can any success be reached permanently. Remember that the Scotti of North Ireland never resembled the rest of the islanders, but struck out and colonized Scotland, and must irrevocably be in harmony with their descendants there rather than with those whom they always fought.

We want to know how the immense terrace cultivation of Southern Arabia was worked: the causes of success, the kind of men that made it a success. This might throw great light on the way of using rocky regions; we have only a small scale of such work at present preserved in Malta.

The polity of ancient Crete may clear up the mode of administering some modern neighbors. There the rulers lived in public life, with great concourses of people about them, yet with the power and splendor of autocracy.

What was the secret of the Egyptians' great skill in coördinated work, where great numbers of men could be incredibly concentrated without interference, and all able to act in unison like one man? Might not the older system of local taxes for local purposes be best for such a country now? How far may the old house system of managing large areas, without outside officials, be available? I have seen it work with satisfaction to the people.

Then in Central Asia what was the early civilization that emerges in Turkestan, deep down in the mounds of buried cities? Did that feed other movements elsewhere? Farther north the dispersal of the Aryan-speaking races may be gradually explained by the links which we can trace. The northern memories brought forward by Tilak,— not Polar, but certainly coming from as far as Omsk,— the southern movements into India and Babylonia, the western drive which poured Aryans

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into Greece, Italy, and other lands before the Gael and Celt appeared — all these have to be traced. The key to much of national psychology lies in the affinities of these stocks and the mixtures they underwent. All of these mysteries when cleared up, and put into the daylight of common knowledge, would give a new sense of the world and a new outlook on all the transitory struggles.

We have an immensly wider vision than that of fifty years ago; the course of mankind looks vastly different to what was then in our thoughts. Ages of civilization never suspected have been made plain to us; ages where our ignorance supposed that mere barbarism ruled are found to have been our equals or superiors in some arts that were then needed. We see that the course of ability and intelligence was far older than we ever supposed; we see our own insignificance in many ways. Except for the increased control over the forces of nature, we have much to learn from other civilizations past and present. To clear up and understand that past is now our task. The British schools in Rome, Greece, Egypt, and now Jerusalem (and we may hope before long in Bagdad, Persia, India, and China), will open out the great vision of the real qualities and abilities of each climax of human aspiration, each transcending in some one quality. Then we shall know that in the changes of mankind age cannot wither, nor custom stale, its infinite variety. We shall then be truly the heirs of the world.

The Morning Post

THE ROMANCE OF DISAPPEARANCE

Romance clings to thought of disappearance. Atlantis and the Land of Lyonesse arouse in our minds a sense of wonder not untouched with emotion. Did Plato really get the legend of Atlantis from an Egyptian source? Do the sea levels of the ocean lend color to the theory of a submerged continent? Have the migratory birds preserved a tradition? If all these questions could be answered once for all and decisively in the negative, there is hardly a thoughtful man who would not give a little sigh of disappointment. There is not too much material for dreaming left now that we have discovered the whole world and disposed of most of its myths. The public has always valued day dreams. What price a population (bitten, we are told, by Socialism) might be willing to give for visions of individual wealth has lately become a practical question. But geographical dreams are things of the past. No new country remains to be found. No perfectly happy because perfectly governed state lies beneath the great water floods. The great benevolent autocrat with 'a look as if he pitied men' is a creature of the imagination. He does not exist and has never existed, however we may search across the seas or the centuries.

Another of the romantic disappearances of the world was the disappearance of the 'ten tribes.' There are, one hears, still a few practical and reasonable men so fascinated by the story of their supposed wanderings that they are able to credit the baseless notion that the British nation in its own proper person represents this submerged offshoot of the chosen people. Where are they? Where may they not be? Those two questions stand for these believers in place of proof. They are enchanted and cast into a condition of worldly pride and unworldly confidence by the assurance that they too have Abraham for their father. Relate them to Abraham's real and undoubted offspring, the people whom no power

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could hide, who have never been lost since Pharaoh strove in vain to smother them under the awful cloak of slavery, and they will be anything but pleased.

How much do stories of submerged villages and churches enhance the sad romance of a flat shore? The story of ringing bells in the lost steeple is as old as the hills, and as impossible as their reappearance in the new belfry; but we cannot regard it as a mere invention, we cannot but listen if late at night we should find ourselves within traditional distance of the sound.

The little things we all mislay go up in value the moment we perceive their loss. Superstition connects the name of a saint with trivial losses. He is supposed to be always ready to help in the recovery of even the most trifling possession. His help is invoked about things so small that nothing but their disappearance could invest them with sufficient romantic interest to make them worthy the attention of a saint. We have all heard of offerings successfully made to St. Anthony, and have sometimes heard of them from persons who never invoke the assistance of any other saint. The present writer knows of a Quaker lady who admitted that belief in the efficacy of a small offering made to this benevolent saint was her one and only superstition. Even her Protestantism was not proof against the romance of disappearance. The woman who searched diligently with a lighted candle all over the house for one piece of silver had probably bought — imaginary — goods with it up to five times its value before she found it. There are no books so interesting now as a book we once lost. The present writer remembers a sentimental American novel which disappeared from between his fingers — so to speak — in his seventeenth year. For more than a decade he seldom turned over the books upon a stall but the thought of its possible recapture crossed his mind. The lost books of literature stir the imagination of every scholar. Think of the pleasant dreams which whole families owe to lost legacies. They grow these fortunes 'which should have been ours,' which cannot be squandered, cannot vulgarize, or induce idleness, or foster vice, till the thought of them has something like the effect of other proud traditions and is more prized than gold. A title which has disappeared is an education in romance for every little eldest son. Such thoughts are spiritual amulets — as foolish and as dear.

All 'vanishing tricks' are popular with simple people. Every child is amused to see a penny 'disappear.' It has, he knows, been dexterously covered or snatched away by the grown-up person who is amusing him, just as well as the Anglo-Indian knows that the native display of vanishing boys climbing ropes is a matter of optical illusion. No trick, however, has had such an effect as that one upon the mind of the spectator. We should think there is no returned Anglo-Indian living who has not been asked if he has seen it. It is remarkable that more play is not made at modern *séances* with the romance of disappearance. If a single member of the assembly could for a single moment be lost to view, we believe more impression would be made upon the audience than is made by any number of 'materializations.'

Any inhabitant of any English village can make himself the 'talk of the town' if he will only go away from it suddenly without leaving any address. There is no person of any consequence too dull, too harmless, or too respectable to become the hero of any imaginary crime or good deed if only he will

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disappear. In a moment he is a centre of romance. If he came back *incognito* at the end of the proverbial 'nine days,' which means of course a much longer time than a week and a half, he would not recognize the highly-colored portrait which would be shown him of himself. What did he ever do, he might wonder, to be thought so bad or so good, so strange or so silly? There is no reputation which could stand an unaccountable departure. Such a vague heading as 'Disappearance of a Lady' obviously attracts many readers or we should not see it so often in the public press. Of course, if it can be made a little more definite, and the disappeared person's birthplace, daily work, or social condition can be particularized, the romantic instinct of the multitude is even more certain to be awakened. The notion that someone has not been buried, though every evidence is there to prove that he or she has died, is a recurrent source of squalid romance. We do not need a very long memory to recall several instances of such supposed disappearances.

The romance of disappearance throws, we think, some light, though perhaps it is but an oblique one, upon the value set upon ugly and worthless rarities; also it explains in some degree the fascination exercised by the effigies of animals who have disappeared from the face of the earth. It is natural that they should be deeply interesting to zoölogists, but why they should prove, as they always seem to do, more interesting to the general public than any other exhibit at the South Kensington Museum, we have always wondered. Together with mummies, they have a supreme hold upon the fancy of the young Londoner. Perhaps the inexplicable comicality of the antediluvians may have something to say to their charm, something which might enable them to retain it even if they once more came to life and had to be confined in the Zoo.

Are there any lost arts? The philosopher's stone, like Atlantis, is a name to conjure with. It is not likely that the alchemists had any secret whatever which we have not long found out. The Black Art has disappeared, but it is surrounded by a romance so profound and so seductive that not everyone would dare even now to make a study of its former pretensions lest he should lose his reason among its spells. Chemistry stands to alchemy as America stands to Atlantis. Romance has very little to do with the actual; the actual is always passing and romance always remains.

The Spectator

'THE PRINCESS DEAD AND ALIVE'

BY FRANCIS DE MIOMANDRE

Gustave Frétilland, a literary promoter, having urgently requested the presence of his intimate friend and *ame damnée*, Victor Sideret, spoke with him in that tone of friendly and cynical familiarity which one uses in speaking to an *ame damnée*.

'My good Sideret, I have summoned you for an affair of importance. My wife is ill, and needs the sunlight of the Riviera. I feel the oncoming of neurasthenia. We must get away. But I have just carried to the director of *Le Jardin* the outline of my new novel, my new romantic and intriguing novel. You are aware of my talent for novels?'

'I am,' replied Sideret not without melancholy.

'The title is a very taking one, *The Princess Dead and Alive*.'

'Ah, yes, the title is admirable,' replied the *ame damnée* with admiration.

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'You are the man for titles. Therefore,' he added in a low voice, 'only the text remains to be written?'

'Even so. Fifty thousand lines. Being in a great hurry, they are willing to receive the copy from day to day.'

'Never mind about the détails. How much do I get?'

'I shall give you thirty centimes a line.'

'Eh?'

'That is my final offer.'

'And your first, please?'

'My dear fellow, you are a surprise. Here I offer you fifteen thousand francs on a platter and you turn up your nose at it. Yet only yesterday I received a letter from a certain Poutut who offered to do the work for twenty centimes. Therefore ——'

Sideret shivered, but held his peace.

'Well,' he answered at last, 'I'll do it. Six cents a line; I'll begin to-morrow.'

And home he went with the outline of the novel under his arm.

The next day he had a visit from an unfortunate hack. Sideret received the visit with indignation.

'What times!' he shrieked. 'The chicanery of the world of letters is past supporting. You tried to go over my head; to set yourself up as my rival. A pretty kind of business. But you did n't hit it off. Frétilland himself said to me, "A scoundrel, by the name of Poutut wrote to me yesterday. His ideas are quite beyond the borders of reason. Did you ever hear of the dog?"'

'Pardon me,' said Poutut trembling, 'a kind of folly overcame me. I ——'

'I know, the folly of greatness. But I thought I ought to speak to you about it. Now to serious matters. Here is the outline of an admirable novel, *The Princess Dead and Alive*. I am frightfully busy at this moment. I shall hand the job over to you. Fifty thousand lines — to be delivered from day to day. I shall give you six thousand francs.'

'That means twelve centimes a line,' sighed Poutut after a rapid calculation.

'You are a terrifying mathematician!' replied Sideret in the voice of a master. 'However I do not intend to argue. Will you accept? Yes or no?'

'I'll do it,' cried Poutut with all his soul. And he, in his turn, carried away the outline.

On his return to his lodgings he was much surprised to discover a soiled and unshaven person who fell on his neck. It was the inevitable childhood friend fallen on evil days. He was drowning in the immense ocean of Paris.

'My dear fellow,' said Poutut with solemnity, 'I never refuse to help those who cry politely for aid. But I have a principle to maintain; I avoid inflicting a humiliation. A loan is but a dole in disguise. You must earn your bread with dignity.'

'But how?' groaned the childhood friend. 'I have tried everything.'

'You shall write a masterpiece.'

And Poutut explained the mechanism of *The Princess Dead and Alive*.

'I shall give you three cents a line. Others are seeking it, but you shall have the preference.'

Overcome with gratitude, the childhood friend accepted and set to work.

In another week *Le Jardin* began the publication of Frétilland's famous novel. A huge success. Never had the master of popular thrills been more subtle, intriguing, mysterious. Bathing in the sun of the Riviera, Frétilland read his romance and was moved by it.

'Ah,' said he, 'if that animal of a Sideret had only a talent for business equal to his genius for composition!

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He would have been a great personage by this time.'

Suddenly there came a bolt of lightning from the blue, a telegram from the director of *Le Jardin*.

'Please explain at once. Am not receiving copy.'

Frétilland, stunned, opened the paper. There was no installment of his novel in the day's issue. He telegraphed to Sideret. The telegram surprised Sideret as he was spending his nine thousand francs. Sideret ran to Poutut's lodgings. Both ran to the garret of the childhood friend.

The poor man had died. According to the concierge he had died of pure joy at seeing himself in print, even though under another's name. The shock had been too great for a nature already too severely tried.

And it was Poutut who finished the novel, after all.

Les Annales

A PASSING

BY A. CHRISTIE

A WHIRLING of dead leaves,
A gathering in of sheaves,
The stripping of the trees,
The ebbing of the seas,
The shifting of the sands,
A vision of fair lands —
A sundering and a thundering
Of prison bars that fall!
The answer to a call
New destiny to shape,
A silence — and a breath —
We call it — *Death!*
Nor dare to say — Escape!

The Poetry Review

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MY THEORY

BY ALBERT EINSTEIN

AFTER the lamentable breach in the former international relations existing among men of science, it is with joy and gratefulness that I accept this opportunity of communication with English astronomers and physicists. It was in accordance with the high and proud tradition of English science that English scientific men should have given their time and labor, and that English institutions should have provided the material means, to test a theory that had been completed and published in the country of their enemies in the midst of war. Although investigation of the influence of the solar gravitational field on rays of light is a purely objective matter, I am none the less very glad to express my personal thanks to my English colleagues in this branch of science; for without their aid I should not have obtained proof of the most vital deduction from my theory.

There are several kinds of theory in physics. Most of them are constructive. These attempt to build a picture of complex phenomena out of some relatively simple proposition. The kinetic theory of gases, for instance, attempts to refer to molecular movement the mechanical, thermal, and diffusional properties of gases. When we say that we understand a group of natural phenomena, we mean that we have found a constructive theory which embraces them.

But in addition to this most weighty group of theories, there is another group consisting of what I call theories of principle. These employ the analytic, not the synthetic method. Their starting point and foundation are not hypothetical constituents, but empirically observed general properties of phenomena, principles from which mathematical formulæ are deduced of such a kind that they apply to every case which presents itself. Thermodynamics, for instance, starting from the fact that perpetual motion never occurs in ordinary experience, attempts to deduce from this, by analytic processes, a theory which will apply in every case. The merit of constructive theories is their comprehensiveness, adaptability, and clarity; that of the theories of principle, their logical perfection, and the security of their foundation. The theory of relativity is a theory of principle. To understand it, the principles on which it rests must be grasped. But before stating these it is necessary to point out that the theory of relativity is like a house with two separate stories, the special relativity theory and the general theory of relativity.

Since the time of the ancient Greeks it has been well known that in describing the motion of a body we must refer to another body. The motion of a railway train is described with reference to the ground, of a planet with reference to the total assemblage of visible fixed stars. In physics the bodies to which motions are spatially referred are termed systems of coördinates. The laws of mechanics of Galileo and Newton can be formulated only by using a system of coördinates.

The state of motion of a system of

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coördinates cannot be chosen arbitrarily if the laws of mechanics are to hold good (it must be free from twisting and from acceleration). The system of coördinates employed in mechanics is called an inertia system. The state of motion of an inertia system, so far as mechanics are concerned, is not restricted by nature to one condition. The condition in the following proposition suffices: a system of coördinates moving in the same direction and at the same rate as a system of inertia is itself a system of inertia. The special relativity theory is, therefore, the application of the following proposition to any natural process: 'Every law of nature which holds good with respect to a coördinate system K must also hold good for any other system K′, provided that K and K′ are in uniform movement of translation.

The second principle on which the special relativity theory rests is that of the constancy of the velocity of light in a vacuum. Light in a vacuum has a definite and constant velocity, independent of the velocity of its source. Physicists owe their confidence in this proposition to the Maxwell-Lorentz theory of electro-dynamics.

The two principles which I have mentioned have received strong experimental confirmation but do not seem to be logically compatible. The special relativity theory achieved their logical reconciliation by making a change in kinematics, that is to say, in the doctrine of the physical laws of space and time. It became evident that a statement of the coincidence of two events could have a meaning only in connection with a system of coördinates; that the mass of bodies and the rate of movement of clocks must depend on their state of motion with regard to the coördinates.

But the older physics, including the laws of motion of Galileo and Newton, clashed with the relativistic kinematics that I have indicated. The latter gave origin to certain generalized mathematical conditions with which the laws of nature would have to conform if the two fundamental principles were compatible. Physics had to be modified. The most notable change was a new law of motion for (very rapidly) moving mass-points, and this soon came to be verified in the case of electrically-laden particles. The most important result of the special relativity system concerned the inert mass of a material system. It became evident that the inertia of such a system must depend on its energy content, so that we were driven to the conception that inert mass was nothing else than latent energy. The doctrine of the conservation of mass lost its independence and became merged in the doctrine of conservation of energy.

The special relativity theory, which was simply a systematic extension of the electro-dynamics of Maxwell and Lorentz, had consequences which reached beyond itself. Must the independence of physical laws with regard to a system of coördinates be limited to systems of coördinates in uniform movement of translation with regard to one another? What has nature to do with the coördinate systems that we propose and with their motions? Although it may be necessary for our descriptions of nature to employ systems of coördinates that we have selected arbitrarily, the choice should not be limited in any way so far as their state of motion is concerned. (General theory of relativity.) The application of this general theory of relativity was found to be in conflict with a well-known experiment, according to which it appeared that the weight and the inertia of a body depended on the same constants (identity of inert and heavy

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masses). Consider the case of a system of coördinates which is conceived as being in stable rotation relative to a system of inertia in the Newtonian sense. The forces which, relatively to this system, are centrifugal must, in the Newtonian sense, be attributed to inertia. But these centrifugal forces are, like gravitation, proportional to the mass of the bodies. Is it not, then, possible to regard the system of coordinates as at rest, and the centrifugal forces as gravitational? The interpretation seemed obvious, but classical mechanics forbade it.

This slight sketch indicates how a generalized theory of relativity must include the laws of gravitation, and actual pursuit of the conception has justified the hope. But the way was harder than was expected, because it contradicted Euclidian geometry. In other words, the laws according to which material bodies are arranged in space do not exactly agree with the laws of space prescribed by the Euclidian geometry of solids. This is what is meant by the phrase 'a warp in space.' The fundamental concepts 'straight,' 'plane,' etc., accordingly lose their exact meaning in physics.

In the generalized theory of relativity, the doctrine of space and time, kinematics, is no longer one of the absolute foundations of general physics. The geometrical states of bodies and the rates of clocks depend in the first place on their gravitational fields, which again are produced by the material systems concerned.

Thus the new theory of gravitation diverges widely from that of Newton with respect to its basic principle. But in practical application the two agree so closely that it has been difficult to find cases in which the actual differences could be subjected to observation. As yet only the following have been suggested:

1. The distortion of the oval orbits of planets round the sun (confirmed in the case of the planet Mercury).

2. The deviation of light rays in a gravitational field (confirmed by the English Solar Eclipse expedition).

3. The shifting of spectral lines toward the red end of the spectrum in the case of light coming to us from stars of appreciable mass (not yet confirmed).

The great attraction of the theory is its logical consistency. If any deduction from it should prove untenable, it must be given up. A modification of it seems impossible without destruction of the whole.

No one must think that Newton's great creation can be overthrown in any real sense by this or by any other theory. His clear and wide ideas will forever retain their significance as the foundation on which our modern conceptions of physics have been built.

A final comment. The description of me and my circumstances in the *Times* shows an amusing feat of imagination on the part of the writer. By an application of the theory of relativity to the taste of readers, to-day in Germany I am called a German man of science, and in England I am represented as a Swiss Jew. If I come to be regarded as a *bête noire*, the descriptions will be reversed, and I shall become a Swiss Jew for the Germans and a German man of science for the English!

The Times

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SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS DOGS

BY PERCY STEVENSON

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S affection for his numerous canine friends amounted almost to a passion, and evidence of this may be traced in his private letters, in his *Journal*, and throughout the Waverley Novels. Byron professed to love dogs for their unlikeness to men, but Scott, who took a broader and a deeper view, loved his dogs for the human traits which they possessed. He studied their different temperaments, enjoyed their companionship, and enriched the pages of his imaginative writings accordingly. His early life had thrown him much into the society of shepherds with their flocks and dogs, and we know from his own pen how deeply these first impressions left their mark.

The dull, depressing routine of the eighteenth-century Presbyterian Sunday, Scott has described in his autobiographical notes. Attendance at divine service both morning and afternoon was rigorously enforced. But an occasional ray of sunshine penetrated 'the gloom of one dull sermon succeeding to another.' It is recorded that a Newfoundland dog belonging to the Scott family frequently found his way into church, and young Walter, who was always on the lookout for his four-footed friend, used to smuggle him into the pew for the remainder of the service. It was not by a chance occurrence that the Newfoundland invoked the assistance of the future author of *Waverley* — that bond of sympathy had been cemented by many a joyous prank during the preceding week!

In his early days Scott had a dog called Snap who was his constant companion and even slept in his bedroom. Snap was credited with extraordinary sagacity, and of course accompanied Scott on the excursions he made about this time, attended by the young servant of the family, George Walkinshaw. Snap had a good deal of the bulldog in him, and often annoyed Walkinshaw by engaging in mortal combat with dogs they happened to meet on the road. One day Snap attacked a collie without just cause, and Walkinshaw (whom Scott for some reason always called Donald) struck the dog across the head so sharply that blood was drawn. On seeing this, Scott raised his staff and cried, 'Donald, I'll break your head for breaking Snap's. Do not hurt him again.' Walkinshaw stated in later life that during all their expeditions together this was the only occasion when Scott showed signs of losing his temper.

While residing at Ashestiel — perhaps the happiest period of his life — Scott did not keep a carriage, and made his frequent journeys between Edinburgh and Tweedside in the mail coach. He always had a canine favorite with him, and invariably took a seat for the dog as well as himself. No doubt the dog preferred running in front of the horses or coursing an odd roadside rabbit, but when he got tired there was his seat waiting for him beside the 'Shirra.' It is a delightful picture, and shows how deep was Scott's love of the mute, not the brute, creation. We are not told how, during wet weather, the other passengers in

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the coach regarded the dog being of their number.

When Scott made his first visit to London since his childhood, in 1803, he was accompanied by his favorite, Camp. 'He was very handsome, very intelligent and naturally very fierce, but gentle as a lamb among the children.' Scott spoke to him as if the dog understood what was said, and Lockhart tells us Camp certainly did understand not a little of it. Camp died in Edinburgh in 1809 and was buried behind 39 Castle Street, immediately opposite the window of Scott's library. Lockhart adds:

> My wife told me that she remembered the whole family standing in tears about the grave, as her father himself smoothed down the turf above Camp with the saddest expression of face she had ever seen in him. He had been engaged to dine abroad that day, but apologized on account of the death of 'a dear old friend'; and Mr. Macdonald Buchanan was not at all surprised that he should have done so when it came out next morning that Camp was no more.

Camp's weakness for fighting is alluded to in the Introduction to Canto IV of *Marmion:*

> At either's feet a trusty squire,
> Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fire,
> Jealous, each other's motions viewed,
> And scarce suppressed their ancient feud.

Camp's appearance is familiar through the Raeburn portraits of 1808 and 1809 — the latter containing in addition the greyhounds Douglas and Percy. He was also painted by Howe, and this portrait Scott gave to Mr. Stevenson, bookseller, Edinburgh, along with an interesting account of the dog's origin and character. The letter to Mr. Stevenson was as follows:

> Camp was got by a black-and-tan English terrier called Doctor, the property of Mr. Storie, farrier in Rose Street, about 1800, out of a thoroughbred English brindled bull-bitch, the property of Mr. John Adams of the Riding School, Adjutant to the Royal Edinburgh Volunteer Cavalry. He was of great strength and very handsome, extremely sagacious, faithful, and affectionate to the human species and possessed of a great turn for gayety and drollery. Although he was never taught any tricks, he learned some of his own accord, and understood whatever was said to him as well as any creature I ever saw. His great fault was an excessive ferocity toward his own species, which sometimes brought his master and himself into dangerous scrapes. He used to accompany me always in coursing, of which he was a great amateur, and was one of the best dogs for finding hares I ever saw, though I have since had very fine terriers.
>
> At last he met with an accident which gave him a sprain in the back from which he never recovered, after which he could not follow when I went on horseback. The servants used to tell him when I was coming home. I lived then at Ashestiel, and there were two ways by which I might return. If the servant said, 'Camp, your master is coming back by the hill,' he ran to meet me in that direction. If the lad said 'by the ford,' he came down to the bank of the river to welcome me; nor did he ever make a mistake in the direction named. I might mention many instances of similar sagacity. He was seldom scolded or punished, and except in his pugnacious propensities, I never saw so manageable a dog. I could even keep him from fighting so long as I had my eye on him, but if I quitted my vigilance for a moment he was sure to worry the dog nearest to him. . . .
>
> He lived till about twelve years old and might have lived longer but for the severe exercises which he had taken when young, and a considerable disposition to voracity, especially where animal food was to be come by. . . . I may add that the breadth of his chest and broadness of his paws made him a capital water dog, and when I used to shoot wild ducks — which was not often — an excellent retriever.

The above particulars were written nearly twenty years after Camp's death. In writing to Lady Abercorn about his 'poor deceased Camp' Scott said:

> My friends wrote as many elegies for him in different languages as ever were poured forth by Oxford or Cambridge on the death

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of a crowned head. I have Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Hebrew, German, Arabic, and Hindostanee poems to his memory.

Truly, Camp has his place with the Immortals. One might excuse Sir Walter Scott had he shared the philosophy of 'the poor Indian',

Who thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

With such a wealth of literary monuments to his credit, it is a pity there is nothing material on the site of Camp's grave in Castle Street. Surely such a favorite of so great a man should have something to record his place of burial. This seems the more proper when we remember that the interment was made by Scott's own hand. Let us hope, therefore, that, when times permit, a stone of appropriate design and suitably inscribed shall be placed to mark the spot and commemorate the name.

During Scott's tenancy of Ashestiel, Camp had two contemporaries, already referred to — the greyhounds, Douglas and Percy. The former was jet black, the latter fawn. In his 1809 portrait Raeburn has painted Percy in a manner worthy of Landseer. It is a beautiful composition: Scott has evidently been repeating some lines to himself — as was his habit when alone — and Camp (who of course understands the words!) is paying no heed, but the less intelligent greyhound is intently gazing into his master's face trying to discover what is taking place. While writing *Marmion* in the dining room at Ashestiel, which also served as a study, Scott left one window open so that these two greyhounds might leap out and in as the fancy moved them. As this practice was observed in all weathers there must have been many occasions when it suited the convenience of the 'grews' more than it did the comfort of the poet.

Skene tells us that Scott's dogs were the usual inmates of his study, and to them many a good joke was addressed. He had great amusement in supposing what the observations of his dogs, could they utter them, would be on such occasions, diversified by their several characters and propensities.

Washington Irving, in his interesting account of Abbotsford, records some facts relating to Scott and his dogs:

I may here mention [he writes] another testimonial of Scott's fondness of his dogs, and his humorous mode of showing it, which I subsequently met with. Rambling with him one morning about the grounds adjacent to the house, I observed a small antique monument, on which was inscribed in Gothic characters, 'Cy git le preux Percy.' (Here lies the brave Percy.) I paused, supposing it to be the tomb of some stark warrior of the olden time, but Scott drew me on. 'Pooh,' cried he, 'it is nothing but one of the monuments of my nonsense, of which you will find enough hereabouts.' I learned afterwards that it was the grave of a favorite greyhound.

But perhaps the most famous of all Sir Walter's favorites was 'the noblest dog ever seen on the border since Johnnie Armstrong's time,' which he got as a gift from Macdonell of Glengarry. In compliment to the donor this fine staghound was called Maida after the battle of that name, where Glengarry had distinguished himself for valor. In writing to Terry, Scott describes Maida as being —

between a wolf and a deer greyhound, about six feet long from the tip of the nose to the tail, and high and strong in proportion; he is quite gentle, and a great favorite.

In temperament he differed from Camp in so far that the Sheriff did not need *to keep his eye on him* to keep him from fighting. Maida has been immortalized in *Woodstock* under the name of Bevis. He regularly attended

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Sir Henry Lee to church. 'Bevis, indeed, fell under the proverb which avers "He is a good dog which goes to church"; for bating an occasional temptation to warble along with the accord, he behaved himself as decorously as any of the congregation, and returned as much edified, perhaps, as most of them.' One cannot help thinking this passage was suggested by some vocal effort on the part of the Newfoundland already referred to. Maida was often painted — so often, in fact, that his master said he got up and walked off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes. The portrait of him by Landseer has been engraved and is well known. When old age prevented Maida from following his master far afield, Scott wrote:

> I have sometimes thought of the final cause of dogs having such short lives, and I am quite satisfied it is in compassion to the human race; for if we suffer so much in losing a dog after an acquaintance of ten or twelve years, what would it be if they were to live double that time?

Maida died in the autumn of 1824 and was buried near the front door of Abbotsford. The grave is guarded by a monument which a local mason had sculptured and which had previously served as a leaping-on stone near the gate. The figure is that of Maida recumbent, and Scott had carved on the stone a Latin couplet by way of epitaph, which he translated as follows:

> Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
> Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door.

The Latin couplet was the subject of newspaper correspondence both in Edinburgh and in London, as the second line contained a false quantity. This, with characteristic candor, Sir Walter frankly admitted in a letter to the editor of the *Morning Post*, though apologists were not wanting to defend his prosody.

Subsequently Scott had two noble staghounds to replace Maida. Glengarry sent him Nimrod, and MacPherson of Cluny presented him with a fine dog of the same breed named Bran. Writing about these dogs in 1830 Scott refers to them as being of gigantic size and pleasant companions.

Scott's habit of early rising is well known. Before he had written *Waverley* he had adopted the practice of making a careful toilet and being at his desk by six o'clock in the morning, thus putting in several hours' hard labor before breakfast. In regard to this excellent custom he used to say that he owed much to the 'exemplary character and admonitions of his friend Wallace.' Indeed, Scott said Wallace would not suffer him to rest after six in the morning; but in this matter we must take it the inclination of the poet agreed with that of his favorite. This dog was given Scott by Miss Dunlop of Dunlop, and was of high pedigree of the old shaggy Celtic breed. The name was chosen by Scott in honor of the donor, who, as readers of Burns will remember, was a descendant of the Guardian of Scotland.

When Washington Irving visited Abbotsford in the autumn of 1817 (not 1816, as his Essay states), the mansion was in course of erection with scaffolding on the walls and the courtyard encumbered by masses of hewn stone. His account of his arrival shows Scott's catholic taste in canine types.

> The noise of the chaise had disturbed the quiet of the establishment. Out sallied the warden of the castle, a black greyhound; and leaping on one of the blocks of stone, began a furious barking. His alarm brought out the whole garrison of dogs —
>
> 'Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
> And curs of low degree,'

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all open-mouthed and vociferous. I should correct my quotation: not a cur was to be seen on the premises. Scott was too true a sportsman, and had too high a veneration of pure blood, to tolerate a mongrel.

The black greyhound here referred to was called Hamlet. He was a gift from Mr. St. Aubyn and was originally christened Marmion. When he 'arrived in great preservation, a little lean and qualmish, however, after his sea voyage,' he was a small puppy; and Scott, feeling a little sensitive regarding his name, proposed changing it to Harold. However, as we know from a letter to Terry, he obtained Mr. St. Aubyn's permission and changed Marmion's name (in respect of his inky cloak) to Hamlet.

During Irving's visit a regrettable incident occurred while host and guest were walking over the hills. Hamlet chased some sheep, killed one of them, and was caught red-handed — or rather red-mouthed — standing beside his victim. In a sheep-rearing countryside this was the unpardonable sin, and there seemed no hope of reprieve; but the sheriff, forsaking the rôle of judge for that of advocate, lodged defenses for the sable Prince of Denmark and said:

> Well, well, it's partly my own fault. I have given up coursing for some time past, and the poor dog has had no chance after the game, to take the fine edge off him. If he was put after a hare occasionally, he never would meddle with sheep.

The truth of this observation was proved by Hamlet living to course many a hare without showing any desire to repeat this foul offense.

That Scott's interest in his dogs was not a mere fair-weather fancy, his *Journal* amply proves. In the dark days of December, 1825, when threatened with absolute ruin so far as material things go, when confronted with a debt of some £130,000 and with the loss of Abbotsford — his Delilah, as he called it — he records his innermost feelings in his *Journal*. And therein is the man revealed. After some reflections regarding himself and his family he writes:

> I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish — but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters; there may be yet those who loving me may love my dog because it has been mine. I must end this, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress.

The *Journal* affords us another lattice through which we get a peep at the greatness of the man, Six months after the above extract was penned, when he had no longer a house in Edinburgh but was living in 'Mrs. Brown's lodgings' at 4 North St. David Street, we find this entry: 'Bilious and headache this morning. A dog howl'd all night and left me little sleep. Poor cur. I dare say he had his distresses, as I have mine.' We know how at this time Scott was racked with anxiety and overwork, and what the loss of a night's sleep must have meant to him, yet the cur calls forth only a word of sympathy and fellow feeling. This rises to the level of Burns when, addressing the little field mouse, he calls himself 'thy poor, earth-born companion an' fellow mortal.'

We are indebted to a guest at Abbotsford in 1830 for recording a characteristic act on the part of Scott:

> Another little incident in this morning's drive is worth remembering. We crossed several fords, and after the rain they were wide and deep. A little, long, wise-looking rough terrier, named Spice, which ran after us, had a cough, and as often as we came to

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a water, Spice, by the special order of her master, was let into the carriage till we had crossed. His tenderness to his brute dependents was a striking point in the general benignity of his character. He seemed to consult not only their bodily welfare, but their feelings, in the human sense. He was a gentleman even to his dogs.

Few novelists of first rank have given so prominent a place to dogs among their 'characters' as Scott. A reverend and critical biographer says his dogs and horses are much better drawn than most other novelists' men and women. And there is much throughout the Waverleys to support that view. Bevis in *Woodstock* has been referred to. His figure, as he walks across the page, makes him a fitting companion to the dignified old Royalist Baronet, and the loyalty of Bevis for his master was not less than the devotion of Sir Henry to the House of Stuart. In *The Talisman*, the part played by the large stag greyhound, Roswal, is of so important and dramatic a nature that he is well entitled to rank among the *dramatis personæ*. It was only one with a true understanding of the canine character who could have penned the following account of Roswal in the camp of the Crusaders:

> The hound, however, had pressed out of the tent after them, and now thrust his long rough countenance into the hand of his master, as if modestly soliciting some mark of his kindness. He had no sooner received the notice which he desired, in the shape of a kind word and slight caress, than, eager to acknowledge his gratitude and joy for his master's return, he flew off at full speed, galloping in full career, and with outstretched tail, here and here, about and around, crossways and endlong, through the decayed huts and the esplanade we have described, but never transgressing those precincts which his sagacity knew were protected by his master's pennon. After a few gambols of this kind, the dog, coming close up to his master, laid at once aside his frolicsome mood, relapsed into his usual gravity and slowness of gesture and deportment, and looked as if he were ashamed that anything should have moved him to depart so far out of his sober self-control.

At a later stage of the tale, when Roswal has exposed the traitor Marquis of Montserrat, Richard Cœur-de-Lion is made to retort to the King of France:

> Royal brother, recollect that the Almighty, who gave the dog to be companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe, remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation; but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor: he is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity.

These words were delivered in the voice of Richard the First, but they flowed straight from the heart of Walter Scott. In *Redgauntlet* we have a dog of a different type, both in appearance and character, but perhaps, in his way, not less interesting. This is the lurcher which attended the little miscreant, Benjie, and assisted him in all his rustic enormities. The lurcher, we are told, 'was as lean and ragged and mischievous as his master,' and, what was of first importance to Benjie when poaching wild duck, 'was as dexterous on water as on land.' With such a record nothing but a shameful end may be expected, so we are not surprised to learn that the name of this lurcher is the ominous one of Hemp. By way of contrast we have Wasp in *Guy Mannering*, a little terrier of blameless life and most domesticated habits. His education, in the eyes of Mr. Dinmont, had been sadly neglected, but we are fortunate in having that gentleman's views on the proper training of terriers.

> Ay, sir? that's a pity, begging your pardon, it's a great pity that; beast or body, education should aye be minded. I have

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six terriers at hame, forbye twa couple of slow-hunds, five grews, and a wheen other dogs. There's auld Pepper and auld Mustard, and young Pepper and young Mustard, and little Pepper and little Mustard. I had them a' regularly entered, first wi' rottens, then wi' stots or weasels, and then wi' the tods and brocks, and now they fear naething that ever cam wi' a hairy skin on't.

Opinion may differ on the wisdom of keeping so many dogs in a house of such modest dimensions as Charlieshope, but it must be conceded that the prototype of Dandie Dinmont developed a breed of terrier of great charm. In a note to the novel, Scott says they were held in the highest estimation in his day, not only for vermin-killing but for intelligence and fidelity. He owned a number of them and, while adopting a more extended nomenclature than Dandie Dinmont, he 'stuck to the cruets.' At one time he had a Pepper, a Mustard, a Spice, a Ginger, a Catchup, and a Soy.

Many of the other Waverleys show the same loving insight of the canine race. Indeed, this is so evident that it helped to reveal Scott as the writer of the novels at a time when he was anxious to maintain the mystery as to their authorship. In 1821 Mr. J. L. Adolphus published his delightful *Letters*, in which he discussed the acknowledged poems and the anonymous novels and attempted to identify the author of *Marmion* with the author of *Waverley*:

> A striking characteristic of both writers is their ardent love of rural sports, and all manly and robust exercises. But the importance given to the canine race in these works ought to be noted as a characteristic feature by itself. I have seen some drawings by a Swiss artist, who was called the Raphael of cats; and either of the writers before us might, by a similar phrase, be called the Wilkie of dogs. Is it necessary to justify such a compliment by examples? Call Yarrow, or Lufra, or poor Fangs, Colonel Mannering's Plato, Henry Morton's Elphin, or Hobbie Elliot's Kilbuck, or Wolf of Avenel Castle: see Fitz-James's hounds returning from the pursuit of the lost stag —
>
> 'Back limped with slow and crippled pace
> The sulky leaders of the chase;'
>
> or swimming after the boat which carries their master —
>
> 'With heads erect and whimpering cry
> The hounds behind their passage ply.'
>
> See Captain Clutterbuck's dog *quizzing* him when he misses a bird, or the scene of 'mutual explanation and remonstrance' between the venerable patriarchs old Pepper and Mustard and Henry Bertram's rough terrier Wasp. . . . Or look at Cedric the Saxon, in his antique hall, attended by his greyhounds and slowhounds, and the terriers which 'awaited with impatience the arrival of the supper; but with the sagacious knowledge of physiognomy peculiar to their race, forbore to intrude upon the moody silence of their master.' . . . In short, throughout these works, wherever it is possible for a dog to contribute in any way to the effect of a scene, we find there the very dog that was required, in his proper place and attitude.

Sir Walter's affection for his dogs remained till the end. Before setting out on the journey to the Mediterranean in the hope of restoring his now broken health, he left with Laidlaw a paper of instructions as to the management of Abbotsford, and the last article repeats the caution to be 'very careful of the dogs.' We also know from Lockhart that while at Naples every one of the letters which Scott wrote to Laidlaw contained something about the poor people and the dogs at home. We know too, when he was carried to Abbotsford to die, how deeply he was affected by the welcome of his dogs —'he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, until sleep oppressed him.' And in a few sad weeks it was the sleep of death.

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ON BEING ECONOMICAL

BY ORLO WILLIAMS

THE newspapers send up a cry for greater economy, and the individual, who has been pinched for the last five years, wonders how much longer he will be able to meet the increased cost of living. The expense of the summer holiday is now over, and the problems of the second half of the financial year confront every owner of a not too well-lined purse. Some people have a gift for making both ends meet over any circumference, some cannot rest content unless there is considerable selvage to spare, and others, whether in fat years or in lean, are by nature incapable of finishing up on the right side of the ledger.

The first class is rewarded by the success of its contrivance, however weary its process may have been; the second, if unduly apprehensive and tending to the miserly, is to be congratulated on attaining peace of mind, if only temporary, at each balancing of accounts; but the third, though it gains more precarious enjoyment, ever heedless of the day of reckoning, is the one really to be pitied. It suffers agonies and embarrassments untold, yet is unable to find a reason for its failure or a cure for its errors. Yet the members of this class are often really the most admirable in their attitude to money.

Those who make both ends meet, either to a nicety or with something to spare, are apt to become too absorbed in their problem. They feel uneasy at the sight of money passing from themselves to others; they handle their purses shrewdly, inserting well-trained, meticulous fingers which can be trusted not to pull out half a crown when two shillings will do; and they take out their check-books with a sigh, fearfully glancing at the balance neatly noted in the counterfoil. They can undertake nothing without counting the cost. If they fall into the temptation of an expensive pleasure, a slight shadow is cast over their enjoyment, and they are checked in their enterprises by the friction between coin and pocket. But the gay spenders whose outlay, without being truly wild and reckless, is always a little larger than their receipts, are the people to whom money is neither a god nor a cherished possession, but only a means to agreeable ends. If the end is mere personal enjoyment of a sensual kind, they have the lie in the soul and deserve the bitter reward of their own folly.

But these fine, careless spenders are usually less selfish and more generous than the successful economists. They have warm impulses and gratify them without a qualm: money enables them to give substance to their ideas and reality to their imaginations. It is just a medium, like petrol to a motor cylinder, and they use it to the last drop without thinking of the level in the tank, for their ideas are always in advance of their capacities, and when one child of the imagination is being clothed a hundred others are born in the process. To such a one shopping is an endless temptation. He — and more often she — cannot set his face sternly toward one article and bear it stonily away, looking neither to the

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right nor to the left. He cannot resist some particularly attractive accompaniment, some appropriate gift for a friend, some sudden apparition of a long-felt want, some inevitable improvement for the comfort of life. He seldom knows how much money he has on him to begin with, and he pours it out without counting, thinking not of it, but of what it buys. He runs up a bill quite confident in future ability to pay, only to be astounded later by the accumulated audacity of his confidence. He will never be mean, for his pocket is in his clothes — not in his heart: comparative poverty will not starve his imagination, and no wealth will be too great for his ideas. It is his tragedy that his wealth is always too small for them, since, seeing all the admirable uses to which money can be put, he cannot circumscribe himself to the poor few which his income will cover.

Madame de Warens, lavish of her person as well as of her purse, was one of these, as Rousseau, himself no miser, did not scruple to point out. There are some fortunate individuals who seem able to snap their fingers in the face of prudence with impunity. Their motto is always to do themselves well and to have the best of everything, as well as to give it, because, as they say, it pays in the end. If they cast any bread upon the waters — they would cast nothing but the finest new wheaten loaf — it will return to them well buttered. They go to the best hotels, where they meet people who are of use to them: their sumptuous trappings give them assurance which shows their capabilities in their best light. They are the Rolls-Royces among men, who need a flood of petrol or they are useless. The strange thing is that they usually get it without difficulty. But woe betide the runabouts of this world who, not having the Rolls-Royce temperament, use its maxims as their own sophisms! That the best always pays is only true if you can pay for the best, or get somebody to do so for you; and an unwillingness to spoil a ship for a ha'porth of tar is only justified if your income runs to something larger than a rowing boat.

Nevertheless, whatever trouble unwarranted expenditure of money may bring to all except the lucky few, it is questionable whether economy in its essence is a virtue, however valuable it may be as a safeguard. The word is often used as if it were synonymous with thrift, which it is not. It strictly means good management and avoidance of waste. As such it is praiseworthy, but can hardly be exalted to the plane of loving kindness or genius. Thrift, too, is only praiseworthy within limits. Old Grandet was far less admirable than poor cousin Pons. After all, there is nothing particularly virtuous in checking expenditure irrespective of its possible object, for wealth is only energy, and to keep it idle is to withdraw it from the community for a time. The fact that money is one of the few forms in which energy can be stored without deterioration for an indefinite time has given a special dignity to the saving propensity when applied to money. Somebody benefits by it in time, so that the effort of thrift always appears to be justified.

In other activities, not altogether logically, we are not so apt to look on thrift with admiration. The man who carefully measures the energy that he puts into a task is not the best workman, and the artist who doles out his talent has usually little enough to draw upon. Genius at work has always been extravagant, both of intellectual energy and bodily health, and we habitually forget our debt to this great extravagance which enriches us, when we reflect reproachfully on the

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lesser extravagance which only ruined our benefactor. When we judge Byron we seldom take into account what he spent on *Don Juan*, nor do we remember how much of his greater self Benvenuto Cellini put into a silver cup when we hold up our hands over his immoralities. The profusion of Mozart and Schubert is their glory, and not their shame; and what economy could have produced the cathedral at Rheims?

Economy at its best is the power of extracting the most from any given amount of energy or power. There are few better examples of economy than the good motor driver who, by care of his machine, by cunningly adjusting his levers, by taking his corners slowly, by nursing his machine up hills and easing it on declines, obtains the maximum mileage from a gallon of petrol and has the smallest bill for repairs. A bad example of economy is the owner of a motor who refrains from using it because petrol and rubber are so dear. But if a dead machine be left out of the question, and the man himself be taken as the power unit, it is interesting to speculate where true economy comes in.

Who is the true economist of himself? Is it the man who treats his body with respect, clothing it well, feeding it judiciously, resting it when tired, diverting it when bored, keeping plenty of energy in hand for emergencies, and taking all major repairs promptly to the doctor? Possibly he is, and yet it would seem that in spending so much forethought on conserving physical energy he may be wastefully spending the much more precious and volatile energy of the spirit. England is full of these good body-economists. They keep fit, they look rosy and well, they get through their daily task with the ease of a smoothly running engine and forget all about it over their evening rubber. A healthy Englishman is a pleasant sight, and the community cannot afford to do without him, but one is at times visited with doubts as to the total sum of energy which his own particular motor contributes to the great dynamo of the world. The really powerful individual engines seem to care little about the conservation of energy. Something drives them on, no matter what the conditions. They will shake themselves to death with screws loose; they will struggle on, groaning for want of oil; rest to them is waste, and repair a needless delay. And so they clatter themselves away, pounding day and night, to an early scrap-heap. They may be bad economists, but their effect is wonderful. Men point to the work that they have done, and their names are remembered with honor long after they have been scrapped beyond all reassembling.

Luckily, perhaps, for the world, few men or women are blessed with this superabundance of energy, for none can hold them in check and the voice of prudence is drowned in their explosions. Yet occasions come to most of us when we must make the momentous choice between economy of ourselves and extravagance. To all leaders, to all healers, to all soldiers, to all with a message, and to all with a light, whether it be in art, science, philosophy, or social service, such moments must come: there is usually little doubt about the decision, for its result on their own mechanisms is usually the least element in forming it. Fortunate then are those who, having been economical in small things, can pass cheerfully to extravagance in greater, breaking the habits and dissipating the energy of a lifetime.

The Athenæum

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

SETTING THE WORLD'S HOUSE IN ORDER

BY OLIVE HOCKIN

PEACE being signed, we have arrived at that moment which for five years has been awaited with such intense longing by every individual in the country — that Elysian time of 'after the war,' when once again life was to flow serenely and easily as in the care-free days of old. 'After the war!' What a magic there was in that phrase! After the war we might lay aside spade and plough and take up again the violin or the needle. Not that spades and ploughs would be any the less needed — but it was hard work to handle them, and might just as well be left to 'somebody else.' After the war we might again expect to spend our summer afternoons in the garden, playing tennis perhaps without having had to cut and mark out the court for ourselves; and a boy of the 'lower classes'— whose nature it is to work and not to play tennis — would save us even the trouble of fetching our balls. After the war we would have again a competent staff of servants to do all the work of the house, to feed us and clean us, and clear up each day whatever litter we happened to leave about. We have all worked hard during the war — many of us have overworked — and surely we are justified now in demanding a little relaxation and a return to our more leisurely pre-war habits.

Quite justified indeed. Why not? But it happens that it is not only members of the upper and middle classes who have worked hard during the war. It has been a time of strain for all — high and low. And if we ourselves feel compelled to sit down and relax, and breathe somewhat more easily, so — strange as it may seem — so also do others, those others upon whose labor our very existence depends.

The miners are tired of heaving up coal day by day, hour after hour, while we take our ease and warm ourselves of a winter evening, and while mine owners spend their royalties on motor tours and town and country mansions. The lower-class boy is tired of picking up balls while others play — he demands education, a chance of rising, and leisure to play himself. Domestic servants are tired of cleaning our rooms and running about all day at anyone's beck and call. They look for work which gives to them also some freedom and a modicum of leisure in which to sit down sometimes, and see to their own affairs.

And so it is that the longed-for pre-war state of things has not come back. There is almost as great a shortage of goods and food and labor as ever there was during the four years of stress. And whereas, during the war, all hands were straining their utmost to make good the deficiency, now on the contrary nobody wants to work! On the signing of the armistice, even before the signing of peace, war work (work of communal necessity) was given up on every hand. And while those who had labored voluntarily slipped back into their life of leisure and sport, the 'lower orders'— those whose 'nature' it is to work — were, of course, expected to go on as before, toiling in the factory and the mine, the bakery or

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the field, in order that the nation might eat and be clothed.

But, to the general astonishment and discomfiture, they are strangely not content to do so. Abhorred 'Bolshevism' is with us — yes, even here in well-ordered Britain! They, even they, ask to relax after five years of strain! They will not work eight hours a day while others eat and play the summer through. Instead, therefore, of the halcyon days of ease that 'after the war' was to bring, we find ourselves living in a time of turbulence, of revolution, and of vast social upheaval. Signs of unrest are everywhere. Nothing seems stable and secure. All that in the old days we relied on as being of the established unchanging order of things — firm as the ground beneath our feet — now is trembling with the vibration of earthquake; and through the whole society runs a tremor and a fear. What is coming? Are we indeed dwellers upon a volcano? And where and how and when will it break out next? Will the walls of our institutions stand? Or shall we in the end be overwhelmed, and perish as other great civilizations have done — each in its turn?

We know that nothing lives upon this earth that must not inevitably die; and equally, nothing dies that does not live again in some altered form. Decay and mutability are inherent in everything that we are cognizant of; and even as matter is both finite and yet indestructible, so also it seems is life, the life of the individual, of the nation, and of our whole civilization. Each must have its moment of birth, its period of growth and decay, its death and decomposition, and again, phœnixlike, its recomposition and rebirth in some other form. And as the individual prepares himself for death, setting his affairs in order, purifying the soul as he hopes, with some form of confession and absolution, so must we when the shadow of decay and disruption hangs over our civilization, prepare for the oncoming deluge, and set the great house in order.

So much may be admitted. But yet — so complex and various are the elements that make up society — so at loggerheads are we all, that it would seem hardly more sanguine to expect concerted action from the inhabitants of the Zoo when overtaken by earthquake, than to look among human beings for any sort of mutual coöperation in the reëstablishment of their own order. We are divided as to our goal — we are split into a multiplicity of opinions as to the means of attaining any sort of goal; we are even divided on the question as to whether there is indeed any crisis upon us! Some fail to see anything ominous in the present industrial discontent, shrug their shoulders, and think to quiet an irritating cry-baby by alternately smacking and ignoring it. Some, at the opposite extreme, think the problem has run altogether beyond human control, and that civilization is in fact simply a monstrous machine impelled by its own momentum — a runaway engine plunging down the lines toward the precipice — and had best be left to go to destruction as it must.

The facts that confront us immediately are that not only does *our national expenditure exceed the revenue by millions upon millions*, but that in practically all the necessaries of life, in all things connected with food, clothing, housing, and firing, *our present rate of consumption is far in excess of production.*

And together with these problems is the undeniable fact that nobody wants to work, and no one wants to pay taxes! The whole of society is at

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loggerheads. One class turns upon another and says, '*You* must work! You *must* work and be damned to you! We want these things and you must make them, and if you won't you'll have to starve or be shot!' The other class retorts with, '*You* shall pay the taxes! You 've got the money and you *shall* pay; and if you won't your money shall be taken from you!'

On which side does the power lie — the power to enforce its own will? In recent days, and in all times when civilization was at its height, money meant power; the rich classes had the power to impose their will upon the people, and to force work out of them. To some extent — so far as authority rests on tradition and convention, this is still true. But a new and saner era seems to be upon us, an era in which *work* means power.

To a man cast upon a desert island, a golden sovereign is of no more value than a pebble on the beach; whereas the capacity for work — to be able to use both hands and brain — will probably mean to him just the difference between life or death. So equally with society. As soon as we come to a time of stress or shortage of necessities, the authority and the power lie, justly, in the hands of those who work. Do they refuse to work, we are helpless! It is this knowledge that accounts for the hysterical terror of strikes. If others will not work for us, we have no alternative but to bluff and bully them into submission, or to cry Woe and Destruction, plunge down the rails to the precipice, and so disappear.

Perhaps this shifting of power from the side of the wealthy to that of the workers will in the end be the saving factor in our national life. From one cause or another, death and decay have come upon every civilization preceding our own. Egypt, Greece, Rome — each in turn has risen to a great height of prowess and production, until, like a wave by its own weight it overturns, breaks, and is lost amid the voiceless sea of humanity. Artificiality, luxury, and extremes of poverty and wealth are the disintegrating forces that have always preceded the downfall of a nation, whatever event may seem to have been immediately the destructive agent. Each race, as it lost touch with nature — eating unnatural food, living wholly sheltered from the elements, defying the natural laws of mating, developing the brain, as we are tending to do now, at the expense of the physique and the senses; living in fact lives altogether more and more artificial — even though rising to apparently illimitable heights of scientific achievement; so was it, nevertheless, the more speedily bringing about its own inevitable end.

And foremost among the sins against natural law is perhaps that of living upon the labor of others. A thing it is which is hardly existent among wild animals and primitive peoples, but which becomes more and more pronounced in civilized man as specialization of work develops to lend a plausible cover to the shirking of each one's natural duties, and until finally slavery — open or disguised — becomes a recognized fact accepted by all as inevitable.

Other civilizations, however, previous to our own, have stood up like solitary mountains from the plain. Around them, extending illimitably beyond the horizon, were other races with vast populations more or less fierce, primitive, and natural. When, therefore, any great nation lost its cohesion, its corporate vitality, the sea of barbarians, like some furious natural force, surged over and took possession, and all that had been built up during the centuries, science, literature, art, and architecture, all but

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perished in the onslaught. But our own case is different. Our twentieth-century civilization does not stand as a solitary island amid a sea of barbarism. It has grown in power and extent until it reaches round the globe. The natural races, either of beasts or men, are not numerous enough or powerful enough to swamp us, however rotten and unsafe our structure may be. Will it stand then for all time, decaying at heart? Or may there perhaps be still some vital force that will renew life from within? Are the rumblings and explosions that are about us now, just a sign of some living fire beneath the crumbling exterior — some vital spark that in the older races never burst into flame?

Possibly, after all, it may be indeed this much dreaded force, this *power of the workers*, that is to bring new life and health into our unwieldy civilization, purifying it while yet it is but on the brink of decadence. As in old times when the race that lost touch with nature was conquered by more primitive natural peoples, so perhaps the common, natural sense and directness of the 'uncultured' worker may be the redeeming force among us today. It is a force that has never before in history come to such a head. The 'ruling' classes and the 'leisured' classes are in terror of the new phenomenon, seeing nothing but that it threatens their security. But looked at dispassionately, it would seem to be a growth that is fundamentally healthy — a sane and natural thing that to the worker should come the authority and the power. It is not in the least to be concluded that he will misuse that power more than any other class has done.

The 'masses' are terrible only when, after having been repressed and denied their natural human requirements, they are released by revolution and the sudden overthrowing of authority. So even can water, our first elementary necessity, though reliable if its own laws be regarded, bring ruin and destruction when a controlled volume is suddenly released. When the workers, who in actual fact do constitute the nation, can emancipate themselves, and by gradual stages assume control of the country and of their own fate, bringing about, therefore, a fairer distribution of wealth and a more equable sharing of the burden of production, it may be that then, in spite of the outcry of reactionaries, we shall have gone some way toward solving the problems that confront us.

Moreover, for whosoever is terror-struck at the new phenomenon — at the taking of power and wealth by those whom they have been accustomed to rule — is there not a most simple and obvious restorative for their peace of mind? Why should they not become workers themselves?

If coal mining be such an attractive life, and so over-paid a job, why should they not go down into the mines themselves, or at least bring up their children to such a promising career? If domestic servants have the delightfully easy, well-paid life we ascribe to them, why do not the educated women and girls who are being turned by hundreds out of government departments go into domestic service? If only the middle classes would face this alternative seriously and conscientiously, they would at once be reconciled to the lessened hours and the increased wages of the workers.

This, in fact, is what in the end we must come to, if we are to avert the crisis that every parallel in history would seem to indicate is upon us: To take upon ourselves our own share of the communal labor; to do as much as possible of our own necessary work,

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and to rely more and more upon our own efforts instead of upon the paid labor of others. To offer money in exchange for labor is not sufficient unless that money has been earned by work that is equally valuable to the community. To give money only, which is a symbol, in exchange for work, which is real, is analogous ultimately to the circulating of paper money when the counterpart in gold does not exist. A system, we are told, that inevitably leads to financial instability.

Until this fair and right exchange of labor has come into our scheme of things, there will be with us always threatenings of revolution and industrial unrest; and it would seem that only in this way, ultimately, can the relations between employer and employed be adjusted so that social upheaval may be averted, and the equilibrium of society maintained.

The New Witness

THE SEA-SHELL

BY MAY O'ROURKE

THIS Loveliness of rose and green and pearl
Lay in the Sea's dark breast, and touched the Dead
Wayfaring without goal: saw overhead
The gaunt flotillas ride: this knew the swirl
Of struggling fish where the sly nets unfurl,
The flash of sails gay-dappled chrome and red,
Then Storm at last who dragged her from her bed
And flung her on the shore.
Now I, a girl,
I take for my delight this maiden child
Of mother Sea and lave her in my hand
Till rose and green and pearl shine out anew.
And from the radiant Heavens it seemed God smiled
That we had met at last, that now his planned
Beauty had reached the eyes for which it grew!

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TALK OF EUROPE

UNDER the influence of Prohibition, correspondents of a Canadian newspaper have taken to discussing the advisability of editing the classics in a new direction. If 'liquor' is a detestable fluid; if the young of that favored land should grow up in innocence; is there not a case for the elimination of references to intoxicants in the great though misguided authors of the past? One letter writer especially objects to the words put by Shakespeare into the mouth of a soldier:

'I have yet
Room for six Scotches more.'

Such expressions, he holds, should not be placed before the eyes of young people.

THE death took place recently at Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, at the age of thirty-one, of Bruce Frederick Cummings, better known under his *nom-de-plume* 'W. N. P. Barbellion,' a promising young naturalist and the distinguished author of *The Journal of a Disappointed Man*, published last Spring.

Cummings was the son of a newspaper reporter in a Devonshire town, and from his earliest days had a passion for natural history. He eventually was appointed to the staff of the British Museum of Natural History, where he did valuable work, but had to resign in 1914 on account of ill health.

From his earliest days Cummings wished to be a writer as well as a naturalist, and had kept a journal. During his illness he worked at this, and it was published last spring. The journal was a frank and realistic account of his life. He reveals that his wife knew before his marriage, and that he did not, that his illness was necessarily fatal.

OLD stories repeat themselves in actual life. An incident which was witnessed recently reminded a British journalist of the errant young hopeful who returned home, and, when asked afterwards whether they killed the fatted calf, said: 'No, but they jolly near killed the Prodigal Son.' It occurred in a suburban tramcar. Two women entered, followed by a nice little boy in a nice sailor suit, with H.M.S. Venus on his cap. Mother explained to her friend how the lad had been lost and retrieved from the police station, with touching references to the anguish of her heart during his absence. Observing that the small boy was preening his feathers with pride, the mother boxed his ears soundly, remarking: 'And a nice blinkin' beauty of a Venus you are, I don't think!'

MR. H. FESTING JONES's biography of Samuel Butler continues to meet with deserved success. Mr. Jones has told us many other details which, but for his intervention, would have escaped us altogether. For instance, we now discover for our delight that Butler was accustomed, when he went for a walk, to carry in his waistcoat pocket a homœopathic medicine bottle full of Worcester sauce, that he brushed his hair every night a hundred strokes, fifty on each side, that he always worked in his shirt-sleeves. Now these are the kind of details which we ask for in a biography, and which too often elude our search.

THE nights of the air raids over London will long be remembered. It may interest some of those who suffered from the anxieties of those days to learn that it was only the great British victories in August, 1918, which prevented a more terrible ordeal. Writing early in September of that year, General Ludendorff says: 'Our position was now so serious that General Headquarters could not hope that air raids on London and Paris would force the enemy to make peace. Permission was, therefore, refused for the use of a particularly effective incendiary bomb (expressly designed for attacks on the two capitals), sufficient supplies of which were ready in August.

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The large amount of damage that they were expected to do would no longer have affected the course of the war. Destruction for its own sake had never been permitted.' We are grateful to General Ludendorff for his humanity — even if the following remark does seem to take a little of the gilt off the gingerbread: 'Count Hertling, too, had requested General Headquarters not to use these new incendiary bombs on account of the reprisals on our towns that would follow.' But it is well to be able to add Ludendorff's final words: 'My views of the general military situation, however, were the real ground for the decision.' The incident will not escape the attention of those who are wondering what the next war will be like.

To the Editor of the Times:

SIR: Your kind remarks about the film version of my romance, *Allan Quatermain*, which I have just read, prompt me to ask a question. Cannot better arrangements be made as to the 'release' of films? Is it really necessary that these should be kept in cold storage for a solid year, as, I understand, will happen in the case of *Allan Quatermain?* (*King Solomon's Mines* which was shown privately months ago, has not yet appeared.)

If, as I have heard, the cause of the block is that the cinema theatres are filled up with cheap 'lines' of dumped American films, some of them of a most unennobling character, I would ask further if there are no companies who are willing to give a preference to the British-born author and producer? We hear much talk of English ventures with enormous capital — indeed, one is advertised to-day. But so far as my experience goes at present, the real offers to handle work come from America, South Africa, and Italy. In England those concerned seem to fear the necessary costs of production, especially if these involve the payment of a royalty. I submit that the cinema business in this country is capable of improvement in many directions. For example, there should be firms, directed by highly educated men, to which an author could take his work as he does to a publisher of repute, knowing that it will receive adequate consideration and, if agreements result, that they will be respected in every particular.

Further, I do not think that the importance of the cinema and its influence on the masses is as yet at all understood, at any rate here, and I do think that in some directions the censorship might be stricter than it is. I need not particularize, but, putting aside mere vulgarity, of which there is so much, representations of hideous crimes, and of certain horrors, should not be exhibited broadcast for the edification of the young, even, as I hold, if they are supposed to typify incidents in the late war. In every town the doors of the cinema halls stand open, and through them by thousands flock the children! All the pathos, wonders, and beauties, all the history, all the romance of the world lie to the producer's hand. Cannot the rest, or much of it, be left alone? Books on some subjects are not distributed in board schools.

Your obedient servant,

H. Rider Haggard.

North Lodge, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Nov. 3.

THE following quatrain has met with success in London.

Dear Mr. Bullitt: London thinks it strange
That such a year has wrought so little change.
The same dull roofs against the same gray sky:
And Mr. George has told another lie.

STILL no change! Every day there are complaints in the daily papers that the public is suffering from the want of silver, but there is still no change. Everything goes as it can. *Tout finit par des chansons* is as true to-day in Paris as before the war, and nightly, at some revue or other on the boulevards or in Montmartre, allusions are made to the troubles of the Parisians, and everybody laughs. What an easy-going people! 'What matters? Nothing.' In three words this is the philosophy of the moment. Money seems to have no *raison d'être*, and we are gradually returning to the old days of exchange in goods. We have already arrived at cutlets for stamps, and herrings for metro tickets, and are still laughing over the proposition of a candidate for a seat in the coming Parliament,

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who offers to retire if his opponent will find him an unfurnished flat. But how will all this end? In many circles the problem is being discussed unofficially, and with a shrug of the shoulders the refrain is: Everything comes right in time; things were worse during the war.

In the meantime the restaurants, the theatres, and the streets are full of pleasure-seekers. But who are the people we meet on Sunday mornings in the fashionable Avenue du Bois? There is scarcely room to turn in the wide thoroughfare, yet an habitué fails to recognize a friend. The smart, intelligent Parisian crowd has disappeared, and in its place we have men and women of all nationalities whom nobody seems to know. There are no doubt many French, but the expressions are not the same: they are not yet Parisians, and have neither acquired the right manner of dressing nor the way of walking that denote the habit of mixing with what is called society people, as, we say, *les gens du monde*. Paris is seeing the effect of the passing of wealth from those who have been accustomed to possess it to those who have newly obtained it.

How to describe the license on the Paris stage! We are not easily shocked, we are not averse to seeing as much as we can of a beautiful woman. But there was recently a revue at one of the popular playhouses (no, I will not give the name), where the fashion of semi-nudity was carried further than ever before. But nobody made a remark on the subject at this theatre. It is the fashion to talk of everything but what is before us. In the entr'actes the theatre empties, and the occupants of stalls and boxes alike meet in the passages outside the foyer, and talk of what they saw yesterday; of the pity a certain scene referring to Americans was not omitted in a revue; of the scandalous behavior of the man who arranged a woman's hair in the balcony of a theatre; of the lady covered in furs who drives a spirited bay in the Bois; of the charm of Mlle. Dorziat in the revival of *Les Sentiers de la Vertu;* of the price of laundry; of M. Clemenceau; of M. Klotz; of everything except the play they have come to see. Such is the 'snobbishness' of the moment.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Arthur J. Balfour has recently resigned the office of British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

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Philip Gibbs, novelist and war correspondent, has lately been lecturing in America, on his experiences at the front with the British troops.

Georges Renard is a distinguished French journalist.

* * *

E. T. Raymond is the author of *Uncensored Celebrities.*

* * *

Flinders Petrie is perhaps the world's leading authority on the ancient Asiatic civilizations.

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OF A DEAD COMRADE

BY TREVOR ALLEN

Stavros, November, 1918

Comrade! A dirge of rain. The sky
a shroud.
Pale autumn smouldering along the
hills,
And flickering in the woods of syca-
more.
Gray ships. The gray Ægean, singing
loud
A requiem along the lonely shore.

A morning when the hospital instills
A sadness in the misty, sodden air,
An omen in the breakers' hollow roar,
Tragedy in your mute shape lying
there.

Over your body, comrade, they have
set
A nation's flag to mark a nation's debt;
And we who tend your passing,
stretcher-borne,
Along these autumn avenues forlorn,
Set at your resting place, to voice our
loss,
A tribute, and a cross.

Comrade! Beyond a far ship's lifting
bow,
Beyond the many homing ships that
ride
The famed Ægean, flaunting England's
pride,
Autumn is flaming in our England now.

Comrade! Of all the homing ships we
view,
There is no ship on all the sea for you.

Even so. Anon, anon, a ship departs
That leaves your grave untended on
the hill,
But it shall bear you with us in our
hearts;
Memory of you shall journey with us
still;
We shall remember, seeing England's
shore,
One who may see his England never-
more.

The English Review

THE SCARECROW

BY MICHAEL FRANKLIN (16)

A scarecrow stood in a field one day,
Stuffed with straw,
Stuffed with hay,
He watched the folk on the king's
highway,
But never a word said he.

Much he saw but naught did heed,
Knowing not night,
Knowing not day,
For having naught, did nothing heed,
And never a word said he.

A little gray mouse had made its nest,
Oh so wee,
Oh so gray,
In the sleeve of a coat that was poor
Tom's best,
But the scarecrow naught said he.

His hat was the home of a small jenny-
wren,
Ever so sweet,
Ever so gay,
A squirrel had put by his fear of men
And kissed him, but naught heeded he.

Ragged old man, I love him well,
Stuffed with straw,
Stuffed with hay,
Many 's the tale that he could tell,
But never a word says he.

The Poetry Review

AGE

BY M. E. MASON

Age cometh on apace,
I look upon her face —
And have no fears.

I gaze into her eyes,
And they are wondrous wise,
Clear-washed by tears.

In their twin depths serene
Are hints of dawns unseen,
Beyond the stars —

And written on her brow,
Beneath a crown of snow,
Peace after wars.

The Poetry Review

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